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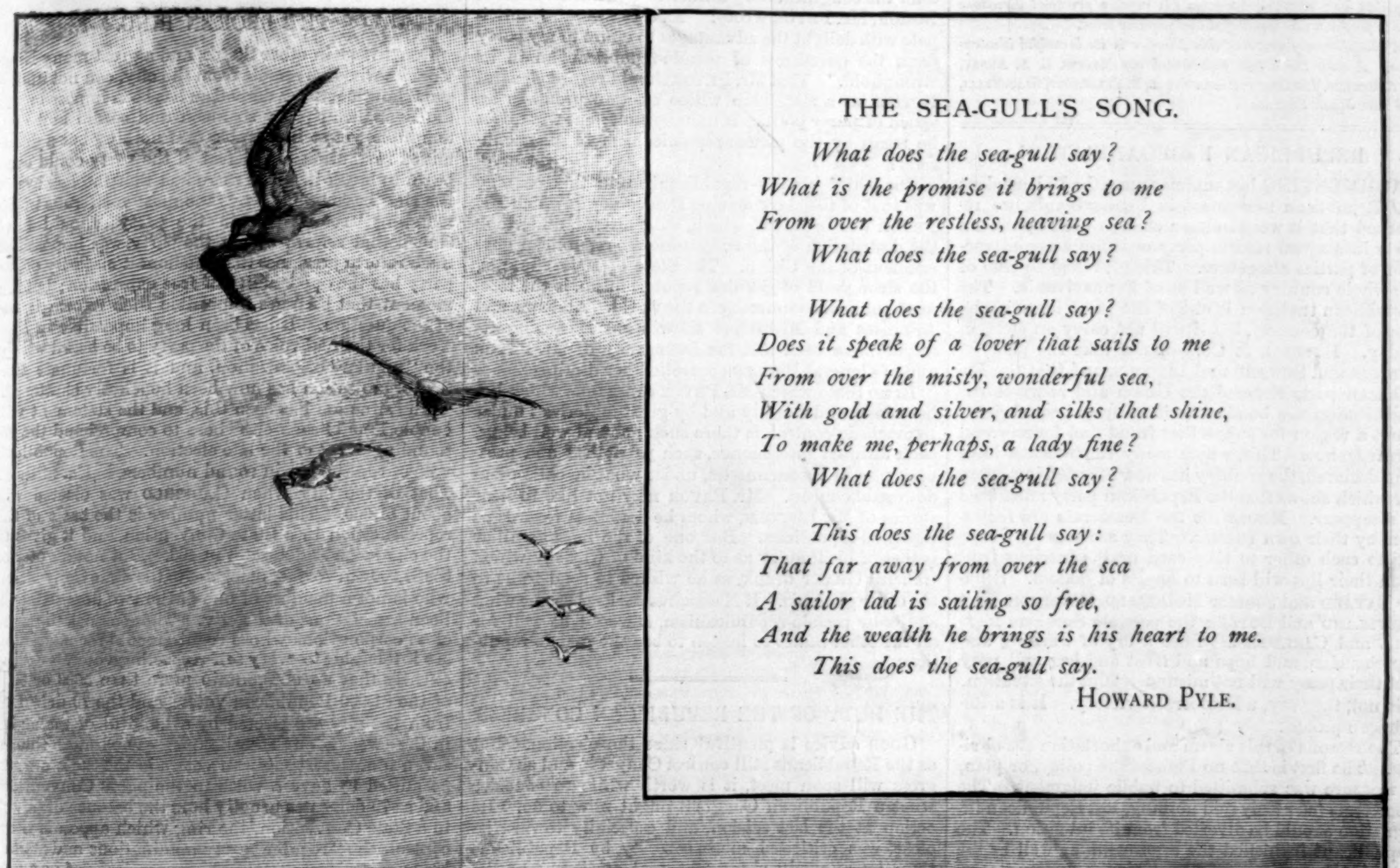
THE SEA-GULL'S SONG.

What does the sea-gull say?
What is the promise it brings to me
From over the restless, heaving sea?
What does the sea-gull say?

What does the sea-gull say?
Does it speak of a lover that sails to me
From over the misty, wonderful sea,
With gold and silver, and silks that shine,
To make me, perhaps, a lady fine?
What does the sea-gull say?

This does the sea-gull say:
That far away from over the sea
A sailor lad is sailing so free,
And the wealth he brings is his heart to me.
This does the sea-gull say.

HOWARD PYLE.



THE SEA-GULL'S SONG.—FROM A DRAWING BY HOWARD PYLE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, November 25, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 160, *published November* 21, *contains a Thanksgiving Poem by* Miss Josephine Pollard, *entitled "A Wild-goose Chase"; a Thanksgiving Story by* Miss Mary Densel, *entitled "Mike's 'Poor Rich Boy'"; "In a Fog," a short story by "A Midshipman"; and Chapters VII. and VIII. of "Nan," by* Mrs. John Lillie.

Mr. Arthur Lindsley *contributes a very entertaining as well as instructive article, entitled "Fly-Catchers, Blue-Gum-Trees, and Spiders' Webs"; there is an interesting biographical sketch of the famous master, "Franz Schubert," by* Mrs. Lillie; *and in an article entitled "The Magic Growth of Flowers,"* Mr. Henry Hatton, *magician and ventriloquist, gives his readers practical directions how to perform this wonderful and popular trick.*

A conspicuous feature of this Number is its beautiful illustrations. Among the artists represented are Messrs. E. A. Abbey, W. A. Rogers, Thulstrup, Henry Stull, R. Caldecott, Giacomelli, *and* Mrs. Jessie Shepherd.

REPUBLICAN REORGANIZATION.

COMMENTING last summer upon the Independent Republican movement in Pennsylvania, we remarked that it would either change the Republican party into a real reform party or cause a reconstruction of parties altogether. This proves to be true of the whole country as well as of Pennsylvania. The Republican tradition is one of the great historic glories of the country, but it will not carry an election to-day. Hubbell & Co. can not take the place of Sumner and Seward and Lincoln, and that the Republican party restored the Union and re-wrote the Constitution as a bond of nationality and equal rights is not a reason for supporting fraud and forgery and extravagance. This, which many Republicans have long declared, the country has now affirmed in a manner which shows that the Republican party must heed or disappear. Meanwhile the Democrats are frightened by their own success. They are eagerly shouting to each other to take care, or the luscious fruit upon their lips will turn to apples of Sodom. Senator Bayard and Senator McDonald, Governors-elect Cleveland and Butler, the possible Speakers Randall and Carlisle, all raise a cry of warning and apprehension, and hope and trust and beg and pray that their party will not misunderstand the situation. It is not, they say, a Democratic victory. It is a Republican protest.

The reasons of this alarm and exhortation are obvious. The first is that no Democratic policy, or plan, or measure was submitted to public judgment. The Democrats purposely said nothing, lest Republican indignation should be diverted from its intention. The Republicans furnished the arguments as well as the votes for Republican defeat. This the Democrats understood, and held their tongues. But the Democratic leaders know that should the Democratic party now behave as it generally behaves, the same indignation would be turned against that party, and there is sore alarm, because the leaders know that there is every reason to suppose that the party will behave as usual. This is shown by many signs, and among them by the demand for a new party. But why should a new party be proposed to accomplish results which the Democratic leaders insist that their party intends to accomplish, except that nobody believes them? Reform of the civil service, reduction of taxation, revision of the tariff, and economical administration, are the objects which Democratic leaders beg their party to secure. If their party intends to secure them, there is certainly no occasion for a new party. And so long as there is an organized and successful party in the country, with these declared purposes, a new party will not be formed until the worth of the declarations has been tested. But the Democratic party is not a new phenomenon. On the contrary, it is a very old and familiar phenomenon, and the general feeling in regard to it is profound distrust. In New York, for instance, its leaders are well known. The best of them undertook a year or two ago a movement of reform within the party, called the County Democracy. That movement has ended in surrender to Tammany Hall. Unless, therefore, reform and progress and administrative economy and wise legislation are to be expected from Tammany Hall, there is little reason for a New-Yorker to expect it from the Democratic party. The distrust of the Democratic party is due first to the fact, which Mr. Greeley long ago strongly stated, that the ignorant and dangerous classes naturally gravitate to it, and second, to the other fact that its more reputable leaders do not control the party.

In the present political situation the Republican party is still the party of the intelligent and industrious "masses" of the population. That is to say, they are Republican if the party is held to honest courses by trusted leaders. In certain States, therefore, and notably in New York and Pennsylvania, reorganization of the party is indispensable, and reorganization by those who represent the feeling which has led Republicans to aid in the overwhelming result of the elections. But reorganization in Pennsylvania by the Cameron ring, or in New York by the "machine" which has conducted the late campaign, would certainly not mean resuscitation. If the national contest is to be a struggle between the two parties to represent a policy of reform, reduction, revision, and economy—and it is now plain that such is its scope—it is evident that the Republican party as it is constituted to-day in the two great Middle States is too heavily weighted. A reorganized party, indeed, might not at once recover New York. But it would not lose the State by two hundred thousand majority.

PSEUDO-REPUBLICANISM.

Mr. Roger A. Pryor should be very wary of writing political letters. In declining an invitation to attend the congratulatory dinner to General Butler in Boston, Mr. Pryor wrote: "As a Democrat, I anticipate with delight the advantages to enure to my party from the overthrow of pseudo-republicanism in its stronghold." That Mr. Pryor should regard General Butler as a statesman whose election promises an epoch of purer politics is unimportant; but what does he mean by the pseudo-republicanism of Massachusetts?

The chief pseudo-republicanism in this country was that of the slave-driving Democracy in which Mr. Pryor was bred, and which, with his aid, undertook the destruction of the constitutional republican government of the Union. The State of Massachusetts, the stronghold of genuine republicanism, is the foremost political community in the world. Alabama and Arkansas and Mississippi show what Massachusetts might have been had the Democracy of Mr. Pryor and of General Butler controlled her destinies.

In no State which Mr. Pryor can name, which has been long and steadily and by great majorities under Democratic control, is there such general well-being, such diffused intelligence, such patriotism and prosperity, as in Massachusetts, under what he calls pseudo-republicanism. Mr. Pryor may not like to hear stories of Mr. Lincoln, whom he doubtless regards as a pseudo-republican. But one of the most familiar is that of his inquiry as to the kind of whiskey which General Grant drank, as he wished to send some to the other generals. If Massachusetts has become what she is by pseudo-republicanism, it would be well for all the other States to hasten to become pseudo-republican.

THE DUTY OF THE REPUBLICAN CONGRESS.

Good advice is plentiful since the election. But as the Republicans still control Congress, and as Congress will soon meet, it is worth while to consider what a Republican Congress ought now to do. Its action at the last session, and especially toward its close, was criticised more severely by Republicans than by anybody else. The real sentiment of the party was to be found in private speech and in the better part of the Republican press, and it forecast plainly the tremendous event of the election. It is urged that the action of the next session must be unimportant and ineffective, because it will be the work of a defeated party, and of Representatives already discredited. It is asked whether it would not be unspeakably ludicrous to see Mr. Robeson calling for retrenchment, and Mr. Butterworth denouncing arbitrary removals, and Mr. Hubbell demanding the suppression of wicked assessments. Personally, undoubtedly, it would be comical. But politically it would be edifying, because the demand would be the honest demand of their party.

The Republican party has now shown in the most conclusive way that it does not approve, but indignantly condemns, the conduct of Republican Representatives in ridiculing reform in the civil service, in silently acquiescing in Hubbell's piracies, in trifling with tariff revision, in confirming the extravagance of the River and Harbor Bill, and in turning a deaf ear to the requirements of the country and of the party for the reduction of taxation. If now the most prominent offenders were to eat humble pie, and to stand in a white sheet, candle in hand, and penitently affirm their own condemnation by making themselves the voice of the party which they have misrepresented, they would do the country and the party a better service than they have lately done. No reform Republican need fear a laugh from a Democratic party which has just elected General Butler Governor of Massachusetts. Hubbell is of the same school of reform as the General, but it will be observed that Hubbell has not been made Governor of Michigan, but has been left at home by his constituents.

Let the Republican Congress pass the reform bill and the bill prohibiting assessments. That is a plain instruction of the elections. Let it also provide for reduction of taxation, and thirdly, let it provide for counting the electoral vote. The significance of an election can not be always precisely defined except when, as in the case of the canal amendment in New York, a distinct proposition is presented to the voters. But its real meaning can be gathered readily from the general tone of the canvass. Nobody doubts, for instance, that "machines" and "bosses" were meant to be condemned by the voters at the polls this year; nor can there be any question that the same censure was levelled at squandering appropriations as believed to be illustrated in the River and Harbor Bill. The Republican Congress, therefore, may be sure that it fulfills the strong desire of the party if it passes the measures that we have mentioned. And how could the Democrats object? Is not the air still ringing with Democratic denunciations of assessments, and demands for reform and retrenchment and revision? The Democrats, of course, would be only too glad if these objects so dear to them should be accomplished a year before they themselves could secure them; and the Republican Congress would end with the happy consciousness that at last it had really represented the sentiment and purposes of the party that elected it.

THE BROKEN RING.

Observers in other States, and a great many New-Yorkers who live remote from the city, can not understand how it is that a despotism has been imposed upon the Republican party so mean and sordid and contemptible, yet so inexorable that nothing but a determined revolution and defeat of the party could even begin to break it. The mere fact that the lackeys of the ring have been always the most vociferous in demanding "reform within the party" should have shown that reform within the party was impossible. Such reform presumes that the honest majority of the party has the opportunity of free expression; but the moment that becomes impossible such reform is out of the question. It has been long impossible in New York for the real voice of the party to be heard within the "regular" organization, and it is fortunate that that organization has now been hopelessly shattered.

The situation has been this, and the statement will enable Republicans elsewhere to comprehend the astounding event of the late election. The Republican vote of the State is, in round numbers, half a million. That of the city when Garfield was elected was about 81,000. This latter number is the basis of the representation in a State Convention, and it gives to the city some 79 delegates in 496. But not a voter of the 81,000 can vote for delegates to the State Convention who is not a member of one of the two dozen Republican associations of the city. These associations are close corporations whose requirements for admission are intolerable to every self-respecting voter. Consequently they do not contain more than 5000 or 6000 of the 81,000 Republican voters, and the 79 delegates from the city are elected by a handful of managers in the twenty-four associations. Thus more than a seventh of the Republican voters in the State are not permitted to have a voice in the party Convention, and as 79 delegates usually hold the balance of power in a State Convention, the ring which appoints them controls the "regular" party nominations and action. No exhortation to attend the primaries is of any use, because if the other Republicans should attend, they would not be permitted to vote. The associations have been generally officered and manned from the Custom-house and Post-office, until a changed system in those offices has disturbed the relation, and patronage has been the foundation of the whole organization.

This rotten system has been recently described by Mr. George Bliss, who is an active member of one of the associations, and who wrote a letter to his friend Mr. Arthur, three years ago, exposing the outrage upon the party and the State. In his recent interview Mr. Bliss says:

> "Nearly every district association is in the hands and under the control of two or three men, and it depends entirely upon their disinterestedness or sense of fair dealing whether it shall be run in their own interest or in that of the Republican party. In my opinion, in more than three-fourths of the organizations of the city, no real regard is now had to the interest of the party, to fair dealing, or even to common decency. In many of them it is impossible to have a fair primary election, or for a Republican who is not willing to accede to the wishes of those who set themselves up to control it to secure even admission to the association; and so far as the question of settling contested seats in the Central Committee, or in the associations, or in the Conventions goes, such matters are decided with as little regard to the merits of the case as a Democratic Congress gives in the case of a Southern Republican member. I will say further that in many districts I am satisfied that the money raised for the legitimate purposes of the election is not applied to those purposes. So-called leaders put it in their pockets. The local tickets also, in a large portion of the city where there is no chance of Republican success, are merely used as a means of pecuniary or personal benefit to those in control. I have no hesitation in saying generally that the present organization of the party in the city of New York has not only lost the confidence of the public, but it has deservedly lost it, and ought not to have it."

No possible attendance upon the primaries could be of any avail under such a system as this, and it is by means of it that the machine has so long ruled the Republican party of New York despite itself. Republicans have hesitated to resort to the heroic remedy of voting for Democratic candidates. But when even the forms of regularity and decency were discarded, and "regularity" was based upon open fraud and forgery, the result has been a popular Republican uprising against the "regulars" which recalls Concord and Lexington.

THE IMPOLICY OF VENGEANCE.

There is a great deal of speculation about the probable course of the Administration toward certain high officers in the civil service. There is a loud demand for certain heads, and the President is plainly informed that he has been altogether too slow and too timid, and that he has only himself to thank for the overwhelming disaster in his own State. But if this be true, it is certainly not true for the reason alleged, namely, that he did not turn out certain officers. The statement as made is a naïve confession that to use patronage as bribery to defeat an honest expression of the public will is legitimate politics. The political tornado was largely due to the belief that the President had done the very thing which certain amusing philosophers are sure would have prevented it. They wring their hands and cry, If he had only turned out that detestable "Half-Breed" Collector Robertson; if he had only superseded Postmaster Pearson by Mr. "Steve" French or Mr. Barney Biglin, all would have been well.

But in what way? Mr. Robertson is not known as a "Stalwart," indeed, but he was believed not to be opposed to his old legislative associate and friend, Mr. Folger, and he was known not to have abused the patronage of his office to the injury of the Folger candidacy. The Postmaster, Mr. Pearson, is a business man of great efficiency and integrity, who attends strictly to the public business with which he is charged. He certainly did not interfere in the canvass. Those who think that these two gentlemen ought to have been removed, and replaced by men who would have used their official patronage to help the Secretary's chances, are ludicrously blind to the fact that had the President left other efficient officers in their places as he has left these, he would have done the very thing best calculated to avert disaster. Had the President but reflected that the election of Garfield did not mean "Stalwartism," and that the tragical death of Garfield only made the general course symbolized by his name doubly precious to Garfield's party, and had he adhered to his own principles as stated in his message to Congress, the result of the autumn elections would have been very different.

But the credit of retaining officers like Collector Robertson and Postmaster Pearson was lost when it was seen that they were used as blinds. The general policy was proscription, as shown in various parts of the State, and these signal examples were reserved in order to silence those who might protest. If it were objected that the excellent Postmaster at Utica, or the efficient Collector at Ogdensburg was removed, and if everywhere it was evident that such was the policy, it was hoped that the objection might be discredited by the fact that the Collector and Postmaster of New York were not disturbed. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the President, it can not be supposed that he believes that a "clean sweep" of experienced and efficient public officers, who diligently attend to their duties and let politics alone, would tend to restore the fortunes of the Republican party. It might gratify the angry wish for vengeance of certain discomfited politicians, but it would not help the party, for it would be the plain proof that the significance of the election had been lost upon the President and his advisers.

MISSTATEMENTS CORRECTED.

Mr. Clark Russell, the author of some excellent books which have been republished by the Harpers, who have made arrangements to issue his forth-coming novel, *A Sea Queen*, recently stated that he had "never received one single farthing from America" in compensation for his works. This statement was transmitted to this country, and was here conspicuously published. But as it implied that his American publishers had made no pecuniary acknowledgment for Mr. Russell's works issued by them, the Messrs. Harper sent a letter to the papers stating that in every case they had remitted to the English publishers the sum agreed upon for the advance sheets of his books, and that in reply to a letter of his they had assured him of the fact two years ago, and Mr. Russell was apparently satisfied. At the same time Mr. Sampson Low, their English agent, wrote to the *Athenæum* that the stories referred to were published by Harper & Brothers from early sheets, and by arrangement with Mr. Russell's London publishers, "who had purchased all rights from the author."

A few days later a similar injurious statement was telegraphed and republished, to the effect that Mr. Pym, the editor of the *Journals of Caroline Fox*, asserted that "the Harpers, without permission, payment, or previous communication with the English editor or publisher, issued a vile reprint." To this statement the Harpers replied at once that Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, bought the early sheets of the book, and that by arrangement with them as the owners of the sheets, for the payment of a proper royalty, the work was issued in the "Franklin Square Library." The English editor or publisher having disposed of the advance sheets for the American market, certainly could not justly complain of arrangements made for that market by the buyer of the sheets. The Harpers having thus promptly and completely disposed of two falsehoods concerning their business, very properly assure the editor of the paper to which they were telegraphed that they will not again trespass upon his valuable space to answer similar misrepresentations.

But such misstatements recall attention to the proposed international copyright. The English publishers desire a treaty which will enable them to enjoy a monopoly of the American market, and they naturally do not smile upon the American proposition to pay copyright to the English author, and manufacture his book. Meanwhile the American publisher does the best that he can. The only advantage that he can now secure is by the purchase of advance sheets either of the English author or the English publisher. But this is of course a precarious advantage, because, however cheaply he may reproduce the work, he runs the risk that it may be immediately reprinted in other cheap forms, and this fact makes a large remuneration to the author impossible. The law in this country gives the English author no protection whatever. The Constitution does not consider the rights of authors, but the benefit of the public. In this absence of all protection the American publisher offers the English author copyright upon condition of manufacturing his book for America. The English author willingly agrees, but the English publisher resists. American and English authors agree with American publishers, but are opposed by English publishers. The difference is serious, but certainly the wise settlement of the question will not be promoted by calumny.

ALMSGIVING.

It is one of the jests against the spirit of the age that such is the advance of civilization that we can now be vicariously virtuous. Even the most modest need not do good by stealth, but by an agent. There are societies, we are told, for the practice of all the cardinal virtues, and our charities, like certain Oriental prayers, can be ground out in a rotary machine. But these jokes do not proceed either from the most intelligent or the most charitable. There was never a wiser, or humaner, or more efficient charity than that of to-day, and its efficiency is due in great part to the careful and intelligent organization at which the fun is aimed. The difference between the care of the poor as exercised by an ordinary village superintendent and by an intelligent Board of Charities which is thoroughly informed upon the subject of pauperism is the difference between wasteful and harmful ignorance and wise experience. It is questionable, indeed, whether the ordinary care of the poor by unintelligent public agents does not foster pauperism instead of relieving the poor.

In great centres of civilization charity or almsgiving is not a question of succoring an occasional poor person, but of dealing with the increasing evil of pauperism. It must be dealt with under existing conditions and in the light of experience, and it is found that the ordinary careless, uninquiring giving at the door and in the street is merely a propaganda of the evil. If every charitably disposed person were to investigate carefully, and ascertain whether the beggar were a poor person or an impostor, and act accordingly, the increase of professional pauperism might be stayed. But this is not done, and will not be done. It is easy to sneer at the charity which draws its check in favor of a poor relief society as vicarious virtue; but it is a much truer virtue than the habit of fostering drunkenness, poverty, and crime by impulsive and ignorant and selfish personal giving.

The New York Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor does not propose to relieve any man or woman of the duty of personally visiting and aiding the destitute. But it justly assumes that the demand for relief is so incessant that comparatively few persons can command the time adequately to ascertain the actual want, or to determine the better form of relieving it. The society, therefore, has organized a system of inquiry by experts, and the result of such inquiry is not merely to ascertain the merits of individual cases of want, but to throw great light upon the whole subject of pauperism, of tenement-houses, of the public health, and upon the vast obscure life of the poor and ignorant whose neglect and suffering by inscrutable laws revenge themselves upon society at large. Some of the results of the visits of the physicians of the Board of Health during five weeks of summer to 153,983 families in 26,883 houses are most painful and full of warning. The report of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor alleges that more than half the poverty and destitution of the city is due to the tenement-houses, which are the despair of humanity. Every dollar contributed to the funds of this society tends to diminish the evils both of pauperism and poverty. The tickets issued by the society—which every subscriber can carry in his pocket—secure immediate and intelligent inquiry and proper succor. The new Charity Organization Society is a great clearing-house of such enterprises as the New York Relief Society, by which the whole city voluntary relief is systematized, and the waste and wrong of a constant ignorant giving are prevented. It is one of the most valuable and economical institutions in the city—not itself relieving the poor, but keeping every relief society informed of those who really need assistance, and bringing all into intelligent and orderly co-operation. No money can be more wisely spent for charitable purposes than that which is sent to A. M. Dodge, 72 East Thirty-fourth Street, the treasurer of this society.

"HARPER'S CHRISTMAS."

Simultaneously with the issue of this number of the Weekly will appear Harper's Christmas, the most unique and beautiful holiday paper ever published. The page is twice the size of this page, the paper of the finest quality and extra weight, the cover softly and evenly tinted, with a characteristic design by Vedder exquisitely printed. The thirty-two pages are filled with original poems, tales, dramatic sketches, songs, essays, and holiday literature, especially contributed by many of the most popular and delightful American authors—with but one English writer, the novelist Thomas Hardy—and with illustrations in every kind by some of the most eminent American artists.

The illustrations show the high-water mark of the art of wood-engraving, which has become almost distinctively an American art. The larger pictures, sold separately in the print shops, would each command four or five times the price of the Christmas, and they have been printed with a skill and delicacy and patient care which reveal the sympathy of a true artist. The Supplement of the Christmas contains a double-page engraving of Vedder's remarkable head of the young Samson, and certainly, in this work, from the artist's strength has come forth sweetness.

Contrasted with the Christmas literature of the last generation, this work is a signal monument of the freshness and vigor, the delicacy and variety, which distinguish the American literary and artistic faculty of to-day. The blended charm of its fanciful, humorous, racy, sparkling, and tender text with the graceful, forcible, airy, and quaint illustration, may well suggest the wish that Herrick and Irving and Dickens and Thackeray, and even the great singer of the great Christmas ode himself, with all others who have peculiarly identified their names with the happy holiday season, might have shared with their readers and lovers to-day the delight of turning the beautiful pages of Harper's Christmas.

PERSONAL.

We can not recall an instance where society in New York has experienced a more genuine loss than in the death of Mrs. Olin, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow. She was at all points an exceptionally beautiful character, and was universally esteemed and beloved. In society she charmed not more by her brightness and many accomplishments than by her modesty and graciousness of manner. She was full of kindliness and benevolence, and in the most unobtrusive but practical way exercised a bounteous charity.

—In Mr. Joseph Hatton's interesting sketch of "William Black at Home," in Harper's Magazine for December, is given, in Mr. Black's own words, his way of doing his work. "I can not endure the least noise when I am writing," says Black; "suddenly becoming conscious that persons are moving about anywhere near my room, I must lay down my pen. I work steadily from October to April, two or three days a week, all day, beginning early in the morning, and my wife takes care that all the upper part of the house is kept perfectly quiet; that is why I selected this room next the roof for my workshop." "Do you ever dictate any of your work to an amanuensis?" "I could not work at all with any one else in the room under any circumstances," he replied, with a gesture of his arm to emphasize his answer.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, is slowly recovering from his late severe illness, and intends, it is said, to retire from the Primacy of England. Should he do so he would be entitled, as a pension, to one-third of the revenues of the see of Canterbury. In *Whittaker's Almanac* the revenue is stated to be £15,000 per annum. This would give Dr. Tait about $25,000 a year.

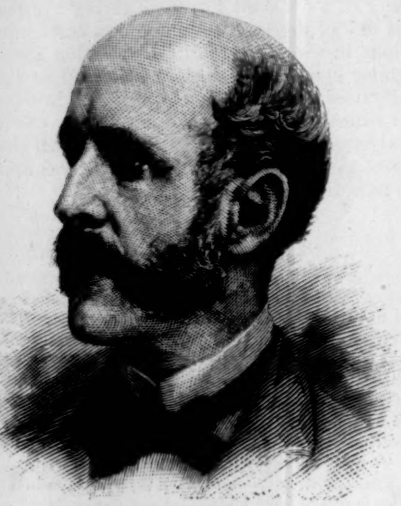
—The Rev. Charles Spurgeon has been preaching in St. Louis and other Western cities to crowded congregations. He has many of the characteristics of his celebrated father. His sermons are short, plainly worded, with touches of pathos and humor, mingled with a dramatic style of delivery. In St. Louis they regarded him as quite remarkable.

—The Bacon pew in the old Centre Church in New Haven was empty for the first time in over fifty years two or three Sundays ago. The many sons of the venerable Dr. Leonard Bacon were occupants of that pew from early childhood, and the grandsons of the venerable pastor first sat there nearly twenty years ago.

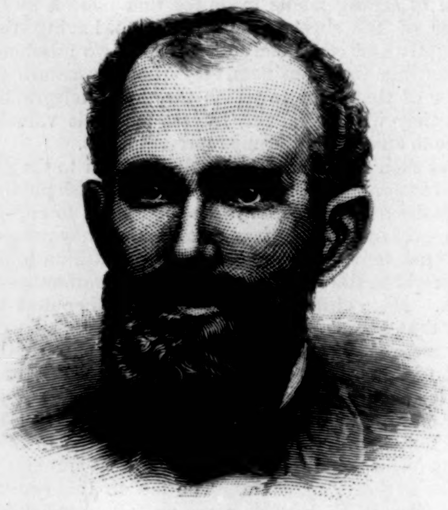
—We are to have something authentic done about the great seal of the United States. Several gentlemen in the Treasury Department and others outside have had the matter under consideration for some months, and have come to the conclusion that in all that pertains to heraldry it is inaccurate. This seal is now the same that was adopted by the Colonial Congress. A memorial will therefore be presented to Congress at the approaching session pointing out its inaccuracies and suggesting corrections. The gentlemen have devoted much time to the subject, and are determined to see it put right if it be possible.

—Mr. Naval Secretary Chandler takes a humorous as well as philosophic view of the result of the late elections. Some one asked him what he thought about it, to which he replied: "Once there was a man who was so ill that he called a number of physicians for consultation. In order to get the opinion of the medical gentlemen he directed his servant to conceal himself in the consultation-room so as to hear what was said by the doctors. When the doctors had gone, the sick man called his servant. 'John,' said he, 'what did the doctors say?' 'Master,' was his reply, 'I didn't rightly undherstan' mauch that they say, but a dale was said of what somethin' they called the autopsy would show.'"

—The late Josiah Quincy will long be remembered by the earlier Bostonians for his wit and grace on public occasions. There never was so good a presiding officer for festive occasions in that city. His bright sayings and his readiness of repartee were brilliantly illustrated at the time Dickens was with us in 1841, and he was delightfully elegant and urbane in such society. He inherited a large fortune, which he lost in railroad operations. His mind was active on public questions to the end of his life. Edmund Quincy was his brother. He leaves one son who has done some good literary work, and another who is able as a public man, but is not much in public life of late. The family, like the Adamses, have lived in the town of Quincy, but they have not an equal power of keeping their worldly goods in their possession.



COLONEL THEODORE LYMAN, OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLEN & ROWELL.

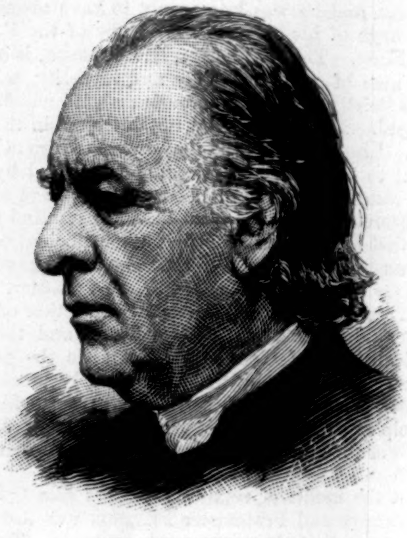


HON. J. B. GRANT, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF COLORADO.

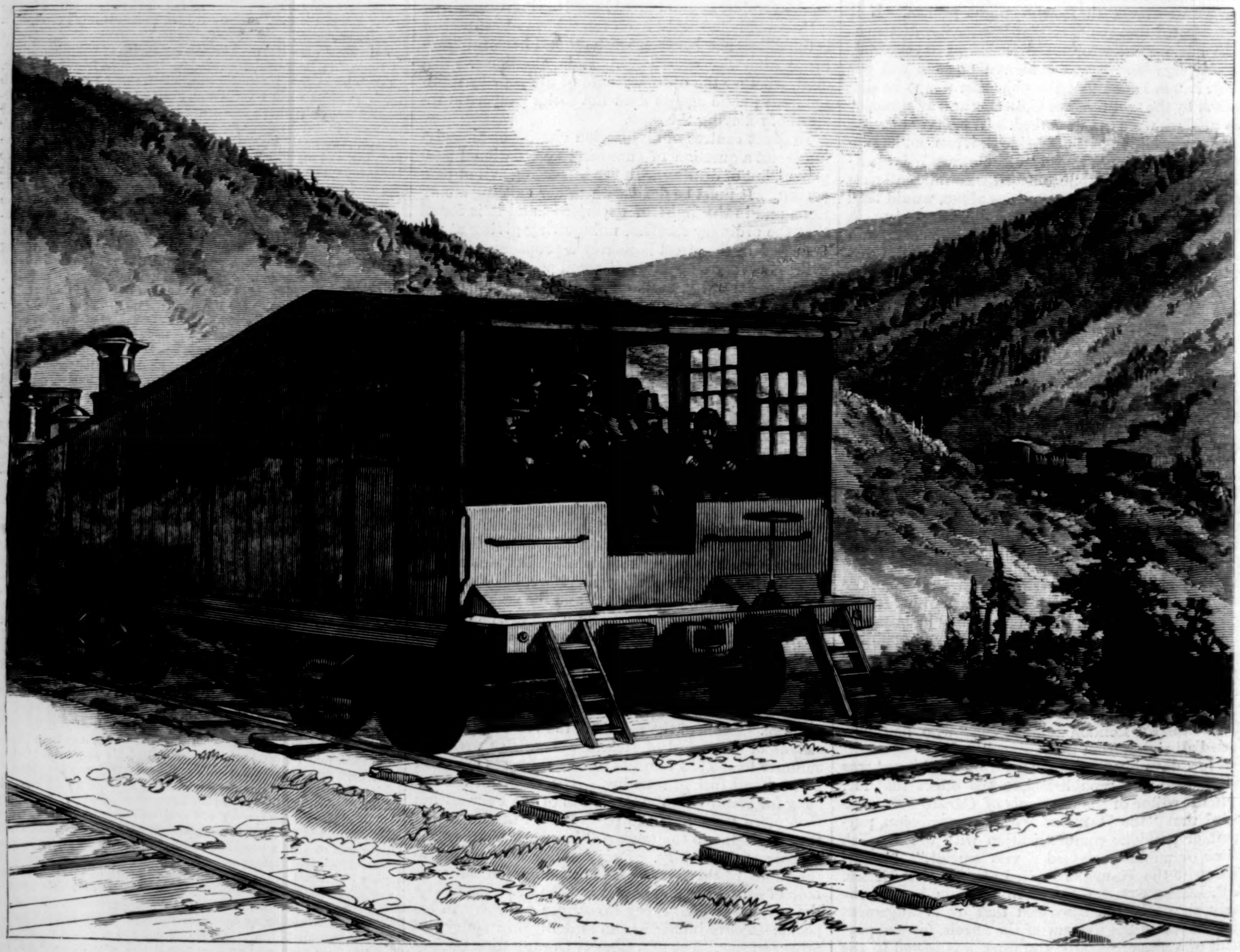
HON. S. W. HALE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PIPER.

HON. J. G. CARLISLE, OF KENTUCKY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.

HON. JOHN IRELAND, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF TEXAS,
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARKS.



REV. A. T. TWING, D.D.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.



AN INSPECTION CAR ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE EEL MARKET, CATHERINE SLIP, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 743.]

ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On the morning of election-day a procession of four trains of cars left Pittsburgh, bound east, over the Pennsylvania Railroad. All were filled with gentlemen, most of whom were young, and all of whom were in high spirits, and evidently bent on having a good time. It was not an excursion party, although it presented the general appearance of being such, but a number of officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad setting out on their annual inspection of the entire line, and was composed of gentlemen attached to the maintenance of way department, engineers, superintendents, supervisors, etc., and a number of superintendents and assistant superintendents of motive power.

The leading train was composed of a locomotive and the General Manager's car, in which were General Manager C. E. Pugh and a number of friends. Among the cars of the second train was that of General Superintendent Wolcott Jackson; the third train was made up of a kitchen car, a dining car, and the indicator car; and the fourth train, composed of several coaches, contained the youngest and jolliest party of all—the assistant supervisors, most of whom are young engineers fresh from the several scientific and polytechnic schools of the country. To all these trains, except the first, were attached observation cars, which were pushed in front of the locomotives. These cars, constructed for the express purpose of inspection, are open in front, and furnished with seats rising in tiers, one back of the other, and all facing forward. Each car is also provided with electric bells communicating with the cab of the locomotive.

The indicator car, which was under the control of Assistant Engineers Nelson and Long, is somewhat of a curiosity, it being the only one of the kind in use in the world. It is not more than half the length of an ordinary coach, and is lighted with double rows of windows. In external appearance it differs from ordinary cars only in having, attached to one set of trucks, an extra pair of large springs, very delicate in construction, and susceptible to the slightest jar. Directly behind these are a pair of small car wheels with broad flanges, which rest upon the track, but support no weight. They are attached to a "flexible" axle, which will contract or expand in length, according to the varying gauge of the track.

In the interior of the car the most prominent object is a large table, standing in the middle of the floor, and supported by a solid iron frame. At one end of this table hangs a very heavy pendulum, and above it a broad endless sheet of white paper is drawn by a set of rollers at one end from a reel at the other, at a speed regulated by that of the car. Above this sheet of paper, and held by steel arms so as to touch it very lightly, are a number of stylographic pens filled with different colored inks. Four of these pens draw straight lines representing so many lines of rails.

Following these four pens are four others, two of which are connected by an ingenious attachment with the large springs beneath the car, and these, by their irregular lines crossing and recrossing the two straight lines, denote the deviation from a perfect level of the surface of the rails.

Another pen is connected with the "flexible" axle, to which are attached the gauge wheels, and by its movements to one side or the other of a straight line shows an undue width or narrowness of gauge.

A third pen, controlled by the swinging of the heavy pendulum at the end of the table, indicates by its variation from a straight line the degree of elevation of the outer rails on curves.

The duty of another pen is to draw a straight line broken at regular intervals by little jogs, each of which represents one hundred feet of track, and by means of which the exact distance of any irregularity in the track from a given point may be determined.

Still another pen draws a straight line for five seconds, when the movements of an electric clock to which it is attached cause a slight deflection, and thus, time and distance being given, the velocity of the train can be easily calculated.

This ingenious apparatus is called a "trackometer," or, by the section hands along the road, a "bossometer," and was invented three years ago by a Swedish mechanical engineer in the employ of the company, named Axel Vogt.

Although many of the engineers directly in charge of the track and road-bed do not place implicit faith in the trackometer, and fancy at times that their own particular sections are in a better condition than it indicates, repeated tests have given fairly satisfactory proof of its accuracy. On this present tour of inspection over the twenty-eight miles of road known as the "single track," between Middletown and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, which is conceded to be the best piece of track along the entire line, the trackometer registered an average condition of 8, perfection being indicated by 10, and an average of 5 being considered a very good track. By the same test the record of the Philadelphia yard, in which an extra amount of care is devoted to the condition of the track, was 7.5, while on portions of the line known to be below the average, the records of the trackometer were as low as 3, 3.5, and 4.

An argument used by its opponents is, that the trackometer can not be made to register exactly the same on any two consecutive trips over the same track.

To this it is answered that the track is susceptible to atmospheric changes, which are readily detected by the delicate instrument, and that these slight discrepancies are proofs of its accuracy rather than otherwise.

In addition to the tests of the trackometer, the general condition of the road is noted by committees who ride in the observation cars, and who are provided with printed forms, or cards, upon which to record their impressions. These records also take the form of figures, of which 5 denotes a medium condition, and 10 perfection.

There are four committees, or bodies of judges, of which the first pays particular attention to the line and surfacing of the track; the second, to joints of rails and spacing of ties; the third, to ballast, switches, and sidings; and the fourth, to ditches, road crossings, station grounds, and "policing," which term is used to denote the general cleanliness of the road-bed, and the freedom of the ground on either side from weeds, brush, or unsightly objects generally, the cleanliness of whistle-posts, mile-posts, etc.

A card is provided for each supervisor's division, which is from twenty to thirty miles long, there being three supervisors' divisions on the New York Division, which is ninety miles in length.

In order to stimulate rivalry between the several supervisors, a prize of one hundred dollars, known as the General Manager's Prize, is annually given to that supervisor whose division shows the highest average for general excellence; and a prize of fifty dollars is offered for the next best division. A Superintendent's Prize of fifty dollars is also awarded to the foreman of the best section of a division.

The entire road between Pittsburgh and New York, a distance of 440 miles, is divided into four grand divisions—the Western, Middle, Eastern, and New York—and to each of these a day of inspection was devoted.

Our artist has chosen for illustration a point on the Middle Division, where the inspection trains were to be seen descending the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, and rounding the great Horseshoe curve. At this point all four trains were in sight at once, the first far down the mountain-side, while the last was just emerging from the tunnel at the summit.

While the Pennsylvania Divisions were by far the most picturesque, the New York Division afforded equal or greater pleasure to the railroad experts on the inspection trains, on account of the marvellous perfection of its road-bed. They, better than any others, could appreciate the heavy rock ballast, the admirable spacing of the solid white-oak ties, the joints, from which not a single bolt was missing, the perfect alignment of the glistening rails on the long tangents, and the unbroken sweep of the curves. As the trains sped along at an average rate of twenty miles per hour, making no stop, even the most uneducated eye could take pleasure in the trim, beautifully graded banks, the deep, straight ditches, and the neatness and tasteful arrangement of the grounds about the pretty station-houses.

The excellent condition of the New York Division was somewhat unexpected, as it had suffered more than any other from the disastrous floods of two months ago. To repair damages and efface all traces of disaster has required an unusual amount of unremitting labor on the part of Division Engineer Bannard, his supervisors, and their various assistants and foremen. For all this they were, however, amply rewarded, as the trains rolled smoothly over the magnificent track of the last supervisor's division, between New Brunswick and Jersey City, by the universal praise bestowed upon it, and by hearing that beyond a doubt the supervisor in charge was entitled to the General Manager's Prize for this year. The heavy rock-cutting at Marion excited particular interest, and here, although an immense amount of work has already been accomplished, so much more is projected that, when finished, this section, which a short time ago presented only bare unsightly rocks surmounted by shanties and heaps of rubbish, promises not only to be the most perfectly constructed portion of the road, but the most picturesquely beautiful of all the approaches to large cities along the line.

At all stations, from one end of the road to the other, the passage of the inspection trains was regarded with the greatest interest by little throngs of spectators, most of whom were connected with the railroad in one capacity or another. With the arrival at Jersey City on Friday afternoon the four days' inspection, which had proved to the two or three hundred inspectors an excursion combining instruction with pleasure, came to an end, and the outgoing trains of that same evening conveyed most of the party back to their respective posts of duty.

TAKEN IN.

"It all comes of my having been born skeptical and unrighteous," he said to her.

"Then I hope you were also born uncommonly rich," she said to him.

"Why?"

"Because that sort of a man can not be popular in one place long or get a living out of it. He ought to be free to change his base."

"That is astute. Your father says I am morbid. He sent me out here to get the benefit of sea air unadulterated, and to make your acquaintance."

"He recommended doses in equal proportions as a specific to counteract morbidness. Morbid is my father's pet word; he applies it to everything he can not explain. If a man's health and spirits are not exactly at high-water mark, my father in perplexity calls him morbid, and feels that he has fully stated the case. You have recently been very sick, and you have a standing excuse for low spirits referable in your own mind to inborn defects. He would say, if he could understand your condition, that you are, through these causes, depressed—what women call 'unhappy.'"

"You say it very neatly for him. I am glad you did not misunderstand my vague answer to your inquiry about that wretched fever."

"You may say what you like. I shall understand you."

"I believe you will. I have no impulse to contradict you. I never felt so lamb-like before."

"Give the sea air recommended credit for half of the miracle."

He made no audible assent to this suggestion.

She was sitting on a garden chair placed near the edge of a precipice against which the waves of the Atlantic were breaking. He was stretched at her feet amidst the brown-top and daisies. They formed together one of those limited groups which spring up with the buttercups on Atlantic headlands, and vanish when the sumac blooms. She was brown and pleasant to look upon, with short curling hair and a profile straight and strong as that of a handsome boy. He had the pathetic haggardness of a man who has been very ill, and who is desperately ashamed of a fact that he can not conceal.

The light-house-keeper, surveying the group from the ledge, said to his wife, with critical air:

"They've got an early start, and I will say they're doin' well for the first of the season. They'll have the red danger flag out in a day or so."

This showed the light-house-keeper to be a person of fine observation, for the world in general knows that the benevolent scarlet parasol is an essential accessory to a perfect group.

"The air is the best that ever was breathed," she went on—"the salt of the sea and the sweetness of clover blended. I wish you would not look at me so inquiringly. You can not find out why you did not like me last night, nor why you do like me this morning."

"I was trying to do that, I confess; but how did you know?"

"I don't know anything—I feel. I felt when my father introduced you on the veranda that you at once disliked my cloth dress, and included me in the dislike."

A faint color tinged his pale face, a blush of embarrassment.

"I must be on my guard with women who feel. I have only been used to the superior variety of women who know. I am unprepared for such fine perception. You have given me leave to be candid; so, at the risk of appearing uncivil, I do not disclaim what you felt. This dress—this white stuff—is a great deal prettier; still, I am sure it has very little to do with my liking you this morning."

There was another silence after this, during which he looked at her anxiously again, and she counted the gulls fluttering about the light-house ledge.

"Have you any notion of what I am thinking now?" he asked, abruptly.

"Not the slightest. I am not absolutely *clairvoyante*."

"I am thinking how easily I might fall in love with you, and wondering whether I had not better go away at once."

"I wouldn't, if I were you. I won't do you any harm."

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked, sitting up rather suddenly.

"I mean that I shouldn't marry you."

He started to his feet, and shook himself vigorously, as if to be sure that he had possession of his senses.

"I never heard a woman talk so before in my life."

"What?—refuse you before she was asked? No; superior women, women who know—know how to behave themselves, for instance—are more reticent; and they know, among other things, the value of an alternative."

"It is not that so much. I gave you a chance for that. But how could your marrying me do me harm?"

"Marrying always does harm."

He seemed to consider her sweeping assertion; then said, "I have often thought so myself."

She nodded her head.

"I feel *all* your unrighteous opinions. Then, since our theories agree, why should you run away from the sea and the pleasant possibility of falling in love with me?"

"But theories are not practice. Our theories are for other people, not for ourselves. If, for instance, I loved you and you loved me, I should certainly marry you."

"Oh no, you would not, bcause that would upset another theory dear to us both. Love is an illusion, marriage a disenchantment. The wedding bell is a prelude to the death march of love. You can not dispute that."

"I won't attempt to. But I am catching your trick of feeling. I feel that you understand me, that I could interest you, that I could give you—" He broke off abruptly, and sat down beside her. "I believe I am taking the thing seriously. You will think me abominably insolent."

"Only incautious. I don't wish to impose on you. I don't want you to think that I have reached my conviction of the undesirableness of marriage, particularly a love match, through pure reason. There was and is a practical point of departure."

She made this statement slowly, as a person by whom dear truth must be spoken at any cost. If it was a bait to tickle his curiosity, he rose to it unsuspiciously. "What was and is the point?"

"If I should marry, my father would stop my allowance, and leave all his money—he has a great deal—to some institution. He told me that when I was sixteen, and thinking of marrying the gardener's son. As an additional precaution against folly, he took me to Europe, and in three months I was caricaturing love in a cottage. He settled a very large income on me absolutely, while I should remain unmarried, and thus I learned the pleasure of being financially uncontrolled. He also lent me aid in understanding myself by remarks on my fickle and inconstant nature—witness caricature of the gardener's son. That happened six years ago. In spite of the caricatures I had a sweet memory of the gardener's son, which formed a beautiful contrast to the sordid, painful disillusion of marriage. I have at least a dozen such memories now, and I know not which is the sweeter. I am, besides, about as free to go where I please and do what I think fit as the wind to blow where it listeth. What has marriage to offer for all that? An ideal love vulgarized, and masculine criticism on the price of my bonnets."

He stood up again.

"What am I that I should succeed where the gardener's son and how many besides—a dozen—have failed?"

"You can not. I am unassailable."

"Not that. You have not been skillfully approached; the attack has not been well planned or persistent. You have apparently not counted upon a man whose acts may explode argument."

"What do you mean?"

"I am going to marry you."

"Pride goeth before a fall. Here is my father."

A stout, elderly gentleman loomed in sight. The light-house-keeper said to his wife:

"Old man's goin' to break it up. 'Tain't no use. Early mornin' groups mean business. They'll stick till the end of the season spite of all the old men in Christendom."

The "old man" sat down by his daughter. There was a placid solidity about him suggestive of unimpaired digestion and satisfactory bank balance. He measured the younger man critically.

"Looking better already, Lee. Is it the air or Isobel?"

"Miss Hilton entirely. I don't care as much now about adjusting myself to the world as I did at breakfast."

"Why should you adjust yourself to the world? Go your own gait, and the world will adjust itself to you. The masses are weak. The world must adjust itself to pig-headed obstinacy. Look at Isobel and me. We never have any trouble with the world."

"I am looking at you," said Lee, reflectively, which was true in part; he was looking intently at Miss Hilton. "You are philosophers. You have the courage of your opinions. But then you can afford it. You are 'uncommonly rich.' That is Miss Hilton's idea, not mine."

"Isobel generally hits the nail on the head. I am proud of Isobel. We go our own way, and the world adjusts itself."

"You have met the unadjustable at last," said Lee, low, to Miss Hilton.

"No, the rashly contrary," she said, as low; then, aloud: "Papa, how did Mr. Lee come to have brain-fever?"

"I told you," said Lee. "It began when I was born. I have not had the benefit of philosophical association. The fever was but an eruption of long-pent-up irritations."

"Tell me the particulars."

"I have summarized them already. I happened to be born with a nature that does not harmonize with my circumstances. I happen to live in a community inclined to crucify a man whose opinions and habits are conspicuously different from those approved by local tradition. Not being uncommonly rich, I have not been free to change my base. And I would not if I could. That is part of my native contrariness."

"No. You are overconscientious, oversensitive, overaffectionate, for things of association. I don't think a man with those characteristics can attain to my father's comfortable egotism or mine."

"Hit the nail again, Isobel," said Mr. Hilton. "I'll tell you what you should do, Lee: marry a wife who will make the world adjust itself—a woman who will see through your spectacles, or make you see through hers."

"Then it won't matter about people outside," said Lee, impetuously.

"That is just what—"

"Let us go. It is after lunch-time," Miss Hilton interrupted, abruptly, rising as she spoke.

Said the light-house-keeper to his wife: "She's in a tiff. Torpedoes wouldn't budge the old man."

The next morning the two were on the bluff early. He came out as before, and found her there. She had been reading, and closed her book as he approached.

"I have been reading about a superior woman, the kind you have been used to, a woman who knew everything. I can not find that she ever got anything she wanted in life, or any pleasure out of it, except an ineffable satisfaction in her own superiority. She was always fighting for rights from men, and never getting what a half-hour's clever flattery would have won."

"Is that your method?"

"It would be if I had anything to win. I have been so fortunate as never to have to demand favors from a man."

"True; you have always conferred them, or rather refused them. I will not be refused."

"Let us not talk about that any more. I am forbidden fruit. If you will lie down there I will read to you."

He stretched himself again at her feet. She read until she discovered that he was fast asleep. Then she went away and left him.

When he awoke the sun was past the zenith, and on returning to the house he learned that Miss Hilton had gone from home to visit a friend. She staid away two days. He sat on the bluff alone, and the light-house-keeper said to his wife, "Old man has carried her off, but she'll come back, bless you."

When she came back Lee told her how miserable he had been, and how he had missed her.

"So, you see," he said, "you are necessary to my recovery. I shall be here ten days longer, and you must give me all your time. And if it annoys you to think that I want to marry you, don't think so. I will give up the idea and go back and fight things out alone."

"It does not annoy me," she said. "I should

prefer to think that you had been in love with me. But that is a matter of little importance. I shall devote my time to you."

The promise was kept on each side. In nine days he told her probably nine thousand times that she was the most sympathetic receiver of heresies, and that a man was repaid for a lifetime of repression by the bliss of finding at last one woman to whom he could express his inmost soul. She told him equally often that it was easy to sympathize with a man whose theories were always clear and correct, and that a woman's only mission on earth was to be discriminatingly sympathetic. This was the nearest approach to love-making, and on the critical tenth and last day an accident threw the game into his hands. They were sailing in the bay. A squall blew up, and the skipper and his boy had as much as they could do to haul in sail and keep the boat right. There were five minutes of extreme doubt and danger. Amidst thunder, lightning, wind, and rain she admitted that she loved him.

"More than the gardener's son and the other twelve?" he roared. He did not roar from choice, but because of the racket of the storm.

"More than all together," she shrieked back, as a wave washed clean over them.

They were foolish enough at that crisis to believe that it mattered nothing whether the boat swamped or lived through the storm, except, perhaps, to the skipper and his boy. When the calm came they felt uncomfortably wet and embarrassed, and the reactionary flatness of life after a moment of tragedy. They had climbed the steep path from the landing, and were within a few yards of the house, when he said,

"I shall tell your father to-night that he may make his will, and give him a list of deserving institutions."

They walked on silently then to the veranda, and he could not read her assent in her face, for it was persistently averted. In the doorway she said:

"You are not to say anything to my father. This is *the* love of my life, the test of my theory, and I must keep it always. We will meet this evening as friends, and to-morrow you will go away."

She flung him a look meeting the requirements of the situation—a combination of love, despair, and high resolve.

Before he had dressed for dinner he had decided that there was nothing to do but shoot her father, who was directly responsible for his misery. On meeting Mr. Hilton in the dining-room, bland, happy, and healthy, his sanguinary impulse was checked by the trivial but incalculable force of polite custom. Instead of levelling a pistol at his host's ear, and hissing, "Villain, die!" he began to murmur conventional phrases of thanks for hospitality received, and to refer to the immense benefit derived from his visit. Mr. Hilton smiled at his watch chain, which he was twisting through his fingers.

"I believe you are all right again. Isobel is irresistible, is she not?"

His mild, paternal smile had a maddening effect on Lee, who braced himself against the chimney-piece and tried to bear it.

"Perfectly irresistible," Mr. Hilton repeated, reflectively, his smile expanding. The smile conveyed to Lee Hilton's malicious joy in his misfortunes, for of course his host was aware of the result of his fortnight's association with the irresistible Isobel. He strode across the room:

"This is too much. You can't expect a man to stand it."

Mr. Hilton stepped back, put his double eyeglass on his nose, and made a fine model for a picture of a gentleman expressing amazement.

"Irresistible! Yes, I have found her so, to my sorrow. I have given her the chance to choose between my love and your money. She has chosen, as you knew she would, and know she always will, believing, from your teaching, that possession of great wealth means happiness; the loss of it, misery."

Lee spoke with the impetuosity of uncontrolled anger, and close upon his last words Isobel entered. Mr. Hilton put out his hands with a gesture of warning. "Don't come in, Isobel. Mr. Lee has gone mad, and I have reason to think him dangerous."

In spite of the injunction she came in, looking steadily at Lee's angry face. She sank into a chair.

"So he really has told you, papa?"

"Told me! He has given me some choice information. Is any explanation possible?"

"Feeling as I do that the information concerns me, the explanation is simple. Before Mr. Lee came you desired me to amuse him, excite him, distract his mind from himself. I did make you out a horrid monster.—Oh, he has gone. He will probably drown himself. I will tell you all about it later."

She flew out the open French window after Lee, who had suddenly left the room, and was now rushing across the downs. He was trying to get away from the knowledge that he had been outrageously deceived, and had made a fool of himself.

She came up with him on the bluff, the very spot where this vile deception had been conceived and elaborated.

"Can you forgive me?" she urged.

No answer.

"I love you," she said.

Unresponsive silence.

"All that about my father and the money and the gardener's son and the other twelve is totally untrue. But I had imperative orders to amuse you. I knew that you were to be theoretically humored and practically opposed. When you said, 'I am thinking how easily I could fall in love with you,' I felt that the time had come for me to present a tremendous obstacle. My invention was more successful than I could have dreamed, and I ran away for two days, fearing that I might impulsively undeceive you. Then I grew fond of the fiction, and it amused me, and I could not give it up. Even this afternoon I could not give it up. But I meant to tell you to-night. I never meant either that you should go away or get into a scene with my father. I am very sorry. Won't you believe me?"

"Believe you?" he said, with great scorn. "I believe in nothing you have ever been, or done, or said. I believe that you are utterly heartless and false."

She had been standing behind him, and he had not turned to look at her. He did not now. She drew her hand quickly over her face, as if to assure its gravity, and stepped before him. She stood not three feet from the bluff, with her back to the sea. His eyes looked over her hair, grimly fastening on the light-house ledge.

"Then you don't want me to re-adjust that troublesome town of yours? You don't want to marry me any more?"

"I only want to push you backward into the sea," he said, and took hold of her arms as if he meant it.

"Do it."

"But I have made such an ass of myself," he cried, looking down at her, and mechanically drawing her back from the perilous brink. "I have been so miserably taken in."

The light-house-keeper called to his wife to come, in great haste. "A weddin' in the fall," he said. "The quickest bit of business I ever seen, and I've been seein' this sort of thing for twenty-five years, off and on."

THE CATHERINE SLIP EEL MARKET.

Among the many quaint and picturesque features of New York city life none is more so than the Sunday-morning eel market of Catherine Slip. It is a time-honored institution, established nearly a century ago by the Canarsie fishermen, and although now deprived of some of its original salient features, still flourishes, and bids fair to survive the changes of many years to come. In startling contrast to the quiet of other portions of the great city, still wrapped in the well-earned slumber of the Day of Rest, is the busy traffic of the eel market. On no other day does it exist, but from the small hours of Sunday morning until the sound of the first church bell it flourishes in all its glory, and presents many scenes well worth witnessing. It is an open-air market, held on the sidewalk of the east side of Catherine Slip, between Cherry and South streets, and extending around the corner, and along South Street to Market. Its stalls are hucksters' wagons backed up to the curb, stands improvised of boxes, barrels, or boards, and sheets of paper laid directly upon the sidewalk. It is tenacious of locality, and never crosses the street nor spreads beyond its own prescribed limits, no matter how crowded for space its occupants may be.

As its name indicates, the chief object of existence of this market is for the sale of eels—great, fat, slippery fellows from Canarsie Bay, and many an old-fashioned resident of New York would go without his favorite dish of fried eels or eel pot-pie if the Catherine Slip eel market were to be abolished, and he could no longer buy them on a Sunday morning at this particular place. So strong is the force of habit and tradition that, although attempts have been made to establish Sunday-morning eel markets elsewhere in the city, they have all failed, and for the sake of procuring eels where their fathers and grandfathers before them were accustomed to buy, purchasers rise long before daylight, and travel from distant parts of the city, and even from Brooklyn and Jersey City.

As early as three o'clock in the morning the venders make their appearance, and strive to secure the best positions for the display and sale of their wares. An hour later the active business of the market has begun, and by sunrise, and for the succeeding three or four hours, when the occupants of the neighboring tenement-houses have flocked to the scene, the noise and confusion are indescribable.

The eel market proper is confined to the sidewalk between Water and South streets, and here the slippery fish may be seen in perfection. With the majority of purchasers the great advantage of this over other eel markets is, as an eel-monger tersely expressed it, that "here they sees their eels alive, an' sees 'em skun, an' knows what they's a-gettin'." When taken from the eel-pots the slippery ophidians are flung into boxes filled with sawdust, and this adhering to their slimy bodies, enables the dealer to handle and hold them. Two men conduct the business of an eel stand, and while one waits upon customers, the other skins and decapitates in their presence the fish they have selected. Thus, upon reaching home, the purchaser is able to demonstrate the freshness of his eels by presenting them to the cook still wriggling. Besides live eels a good business is done in dried and smoked eels, as straight and stiff as pokers, many of which are bought by Chinamen, who may be seen in numbers at this market.

Next in importance to the eels are the crabs, hard and soft shell, shrimps, clams, oysters, and all varieties of fish known to New York waters. A brisk trade is also driven in earth-worms for bait. The earth-worm man, seated on a low box, with his worms spread on the sidewalk about him in bunches of a dozen each on squares of brown paper, ready to be wrapped up and pocketed by the amateur fisherman off for a day's sport, must be constantly on the alert to prevent the escape of his active property, and, like the eel men, the crab men, and the shrimp men, is too busily occupied to answer any questions not strictly pertaining to the business in hand.

While the fish and their attendants confine themselves to Catherine Slip, around the corner, on South Street, are the dealers in fruit and vegetables, and beyond them those in cheap clothing of all descriptions, hats in styles of years gone by, but guaranteed by the curb-stone hatter to be of "de very latesht shtyle," boots, shoes, pins, needles, combs, crockery, and glass-ware spread out on the sidewalk, and in imminent danger of being smashed by the inadvertent feet of the jostling throng, tin and wooden ware, silk handkerchiefs, books, toys, umbrellas, birds, alive and stuffed, and almost every conceivable article of household or domestic use.

The price of almost everything is ten cents, and rare indeed must be the article for which more is demanded. One man sells what he describes as "genooine Japanese lacquer waiters right from Japan," at six cents apiece or two for ten cents, and another with stentorian voice announces, "Here you are now, Jumbos only three cents." The Jumbos he offers are small brass elephants intended for watch charms, and meet with a ready sale at the low figure named.

The eel market proves a bonanza for dealers in cheap jewelry, and quacks with nostrums for the cure of all ills. A man who advertises his specialty by exhibiting specimens of tape-worms preserved in alcohol, offers to sell a worm specific that will be found equally efficacious in removing corns; and a peripatetic dentist will extract your aching tooth or sell you a pair of spectacles. Within hearing of the policeman detailed for duty in the eel market an alleged sailor of Hebrew birth will offer you any quantity of lace at ten cents per yard, and confide to you in a low tone that he smuggled it over on his last voyage, and is now so afraid of being detected that he is willing to sell it at less than it cost him in order to dispose of it quickly. "Yeshur, lesh as it cost, s'help me grashus."

When the business of the market is at its height, and the hoarse cries of a hundred venders are all raised together in unintelligible clamor, a damper is thrown over their spirits by the appearance of the city collector, who demands a market fee of twenty-five cents from each wagon, and ten cents from each sidewalk dealer.

In former years mountebanks and strolling musicians frequented this Sunday-morning market, and "dancing for eels" was a performance that attracted crowds of spectators and afforded endless amusement. This was similar to the "cake walks" of colored church fairs, and, like them, was confined to negroes, who would come from great distances to exhibit their skill in dancing, the better of two competitors in each dance receiving a live eel as a prize.

These eel dances were abolished on account of the noisy crowds they attracted. Amusing incidents are not wanting, however, and on a recent Sunday morning several frequenters of the market returned to their homes with keen appetites, resulting from their hearty laughter at the tribulations of a ragged urchin, who attempted to devour half a stolen water-melon which he held in one hand, while with the other he endeavored to retain slippery hold of a large eel that he had just snatched from a stand around the corner. He finally illustrated the proverb of coming to the ground between two stools, by dropping at the same time both water-melon and eel. The former was broken in pieces on the pavement, and the latter was seized and rapidly borne away by a hungry dog, after whom the boy started in hot but fruitless pursuit.

Thieves abound in the eel market, and petty stealing from the various displays of fish, fruit, and small wares is carried on to such an extent as to seriously lessen the profits of the dealers.

The quietest venders, and those who at the same time come next to the eel men in the amount of business transacted, are the oyster men, who, with the hatches of their sloops brought ashore and supported on trestles so as to form tables, retail oysters and clams at one cent apiece to be eaten on the spot. A free lunch of broken pilot bread is thrown in, and the oyster men show their knowledge of human nature, and especially of that class to which their customers belong, by describing their bivalves as "real Coney Island clams up from Coney Island this morning"; or "fresh Rockaway oysters just in from Rockaway." By these simple means fond memories are revived, and the shell-fish thus localized are eaten with a relish that would be lacking had they hailed from Little Neck, Blue Point, Saddle Rock, or other shores known only by hearsay.

By nine o'clock the police begin to clear the market, and by the time the church-goers appear, naught remains of it or its late busy occupants save the little heaps of refuse that are being swept up by the street-cleaner.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says it is estimated that there will be some fifty contested election cases in the next Congress. "It has come to such a pass," he writes, "that every defeated candidate, where the majority against him is small, takes an appeal to his party in Congress." Perhaps there would be less of this if there were fewer instances in which the losing contestant is re-imbursed out of the public purse for the expenses of the after-election contest.

Thirteen bridal couples were recently counted in a row in front of Washington's tomb. An unlucky number.

It would seem that true Oriental politeness requires that Orientals shall allow representatives of the Caucasian race to pull their pigtails for the fun of the thing. As an illustration of the difference in the dispositions of the two sons of the Prince of Wales, it is told that when they were entertained at dinner recently by the Governor of Queensland, Prince Albert Victor was silent, thoughtful, and sedate, while Prince George amused himself by pulling the queues of the Chinese waiters when the Governor was not looking. "The Chinamen," says the account of the dinner, "with true Oriental politeness maintained an imperturbable gravity."

A Washington newspaper says that the police of that city are compelled to concentrate all their activity against the gambling establishments in the period of absence of the national legislators from the capital, since "some Congressmen who have been caught during raids on these establishments seem never to forget it, and endeavor to get even by opposing the bills making appropriations for the pay of the police."

It is said that the tradesmen of Washington are not the least perturbed class in consequence of the result of this fall's elections. There are fifteen thousand government employés in that city, a large number of whom are in debt to the store-keepers. "Anything like the wholesale discharge of government employés," says a writer, "would cause a local panic. Men who have nothing can pay nothing, and the loss to the creditor class could hardly be estimated."

In the recently taken English census returns, several men caused their wives to be written down as the heads of the families, and one described himself as an idiot—for having married as he did.

An illustration of what an oatmeal diet can do for philosophy is found in the theory of a modern Scotch metaphysician that a smell is nothing but an inaudible noise which can be detected only by the nose, and that a noise is merely an audible smell which appeals only to the sense of hearing.

The latest Ohio idea is that of the editor of a country newspaper who claims to have obtained the promise of many Buckeye girls and widows that they will marry no man who is not a paid-up subscriber for his paper. Those who pay in cord-wood are not eligible to sue for the hand of any lady under thirty years of age.

The very last of the Mohegans—a lineal descendant of the last sachem of that tribe—fell out of an apple-tree in Norwich, New York, some time ago, and is not likely to recover. Besides sustaining the relation of extreme end-man to a historic tribe, he is said to have been able to whistle two tunes at once.

Railway trains approaching the Pacific coast have occasion now and then to proceed very slowly, for fear that an earthquake may have thrown some of the bridges out of place.

A writer in the *Contemporary Review* says that the ostrich is not the silly creature he is generally supposed to be, but is really one of the wisest of birds. He will hardly claim, however, that it is within the possibilities for an ostrich to be as wise as an owl looks.

A Texas man thought he was escaping with a light penalty when he was fined five dollars for assault, but when he found that the costs amounted to thirty-two dollars additional, he was so enraged that he tried to shoot one of the witnesses, and was himself killed.

"Premises all on fire; what shall we do?" an agent telegraphed to the owner.

"Put it out," was the prompt and sensible reply.

The following form of affidavit by telephone was recently used in Chicago, the first speaker being a notary public in the Department of Public Works, and the second a foreman at the Water-Works Crib:

"Is this William Inness?"

"Yes."

"I hold in my hand the pay-roll submitted by you for the month of August. Are you willing to swear that it is correct?"

"I am."

"Take off your hat and hold up your right hand."

"I have done so."

"You solemnly swear that the August pay-roll for repairs at the Crib is correct?"

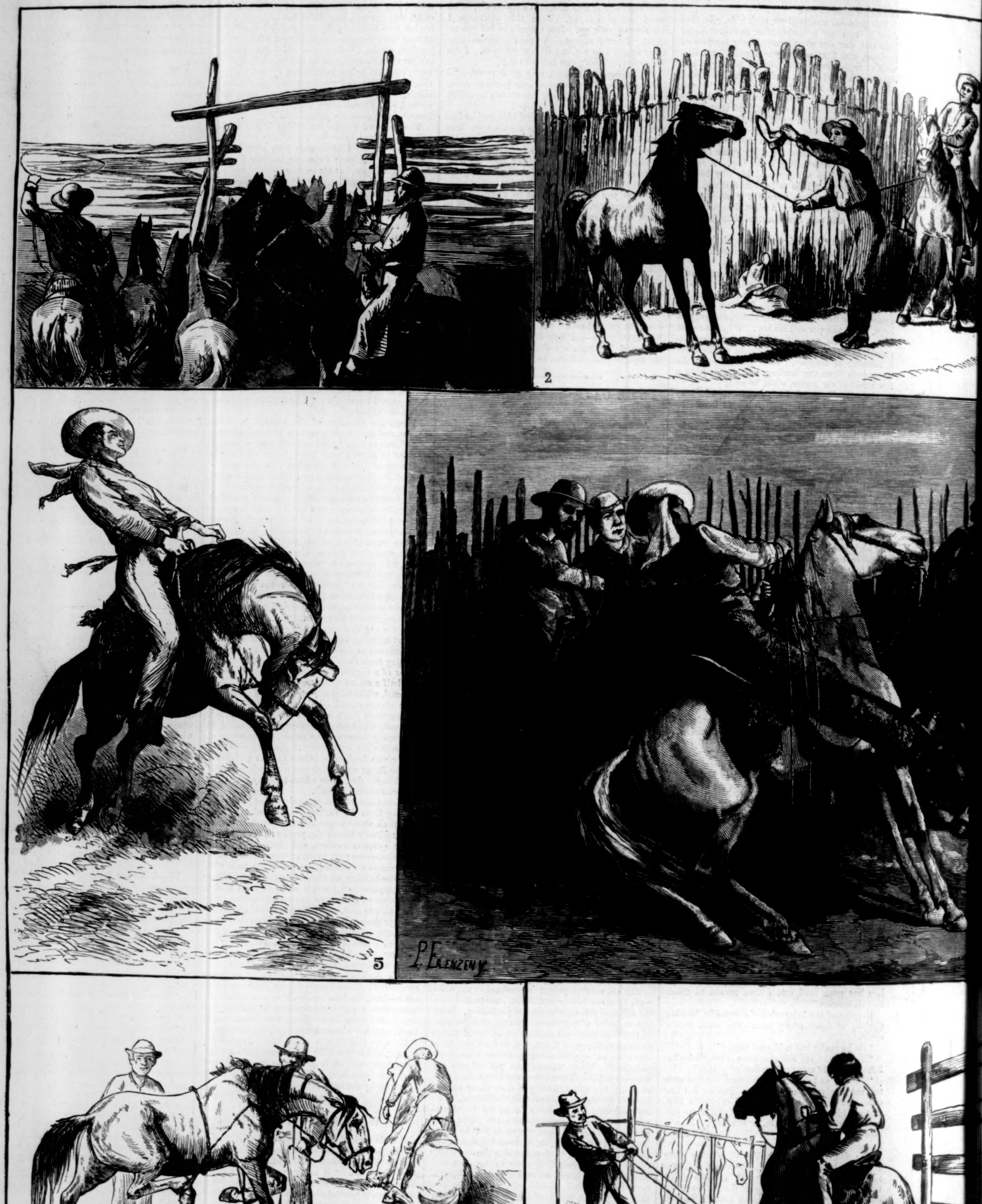
"I do."

The notary said that he could distinguish the voice as that of Foreman Inness, and that the oath was undoubtedly binding.

Of the fifty games of draughts recently played in Boston by two conspicuous players, forty-eight were drawn, and one was won by each of the contestants. Checker and base-ball playing will have reached their zenith when the contestants can play on indefinitely without being in danger of scoring a point.

It seems to have been a sort of political "blizzard."

One of the pillars of a Wisconsin church was recently tried for irreligious conduct in having attended a negro-minstrel performance. He acknowledged that he had done so, but pleaded in extenuation that he started to attend a temperance lecture, that he accidentally went into the wrong hall, and that when he discovered his mistake the show had obtained so strong a hold on his worldly nature that he could not get away until the last joke had been cracked. In the council that tried him was a preponderance of deacons who had been in the habit of taking their children to see the menagerie every time the circus came to town, and the accused man got off with a reprimand.



1. Driving in the Herd. 2. Blinding the Horse. 3. The First Sensation of the Saddle. 4. Trying to Regain his Liberty. 5. The Plunging "Bucker." 6. La

TAMING AND TRAINING THE AMERICA

Las... Colt. 7. The Stiff-legged "Bucker." 8. A Cure for an Obstinate One. 9. The Balking Pupil. 10. Striking at the Bit. 11. The Final Result of Training.

CA... USTANG.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 747.]

A WHISTLING GIRL.

"A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Never come to no good end."

Thus, with a happy disregard
Of rules for negatives and rhymes,
I've heard my dear old grandmother
Say, very gravely, many times.
And of the hen it may be true;
I must confess I do not know,
Because, although I've listened oft,
I never chanced to hear one crow.

But, oh! the whistling girl I've met;
As blithe is she as any bird,
And from her lips morn, noon, and eve
The merriest of trills are heard.
Lips that, kiss-shaped, look, when they pour
Out on the air a cheery strain,
As though, as some one says, "a rose
Had shut to be a bud again."

From task to task, with lightsome step,
She hastens, whistling as she goes,
And her deft hands charm what they touch,
And order from disorder grows.
But never in such haste is she
She can not pause a word to speak
To grieving children, or to kiss
A pretty dimpled baby cheek.

And, spite of the old saying, I
Wear near my heart a bonny curl
That once danced gayly to the tunes
Of a light-hearted whistling girl—
A girl who soon I'll call my own,
My wife, my sweetheart, and my friend;
And with me she shall happily,
Please Heaven, live till life shall end.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST

CHRONICLES THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF JOHN WOODHATCH, AND THE VERY BAD INTENTIONS OF GREG DORWARD.

CHAPTER XXI.

POOR MORRIS.

MURDER! To think that in so quiet and out-of-the-way a spot as Skegs Shore there should have happened this dire tragedy, so quiet and peaceful a place as it had been till that day, with its inhabitants steeped in rural dullness, and vegetating out their time on earth with but little to disturb the tenor of their lives!

And now a strange and bloody murder to excite this peaceful neighborhood, and what at first sight appeared to be a singularly motiveless deed of violence altogether. For what man or woman in Lincolnshire had a grudge against young Morris Brake? for it was he, lying stiff and stark in the roadway, struck down as by the blow of an assassin, with his white face turned to God's heaven, as if protesting against being hurled from existence in the beginning of his hopes, and with the fair promise of happiness advancing.

There was a doubt if he were dead at first, until the wagoner and Mr. Larcom, who had hastened half dressed from the cottage, had attempted to raise him in their arms, and then it was terribly evident that the end had come to this young life.

"Good Lord! it's Morris Brake, of Farm Forlorn," said the Methodist. "What did he want this way, I wonder? Poor lad! poor lad! But this is awful news to take to John Woodhatch and the rest of them."

"Where be he to go?" asked the wagoner, shaking with fright. "Shall I be hanged, sir, for coming nigh him first? O lor! O lor! won't they think I did it?"

"Don't make that bellowing; ye're safe enough. Help me lift the body into the chapel; it will be out of the way there for the present. To think that it is young Morris Brake of all poor souls now!"

They carried the body into the little Methodist chapel, the door of which Mr. Larcom had unlocked, and placed it gently down upon the floor—a strange and grewsome sight there in the early morning, and with the sunlight coming through the windows full upon it. Mr. Larcom drew down the blinds, put his handkerchief over the white, still face, and came out again into the fresh air with the man who had assisted him.

"I'm thinking a soop of whiskey won't hurt us now, before we take the news into the village," said Mr. Larcom, shuddering with cold. "What d'ye think?"

The wagoner thought so also, and stood and scratched his head, until Mr. Larcom re-appeared from the house with the stimulant he had suggested, and which he shared with the bewildered rustic. He had got his coat and felt hat on now, and his stick and the key of the chapel next door were in his hands, as well as the glass of whiskey. He had been up to the door of Lucy's room, and listened; but all was still, and she was sleeping very soundly, and had not responded to the first soft knocking at the door.

"I'm thinking she had better know of this when I come back," he said, half aloud; and the man opened his mouth and asked, "What?" as though the observation had been addressed to him.

"My daughter I was thinking about," said Mr. Larcom in reply; "I wasn't talking to ye, man. Time enough for such a horror as that to scare a poor lass, surely. Come along; we're wasting time."

And then Mr. Larcom and the man with the wagon and horses went away to deliver the news to all whom it might concern; and presently there was much bustle in the village, some running to and fro, a turning out by degrees of men, women, and children into the sunshine and to the middle of the village street, and round the big pump which was there, and where Alec Larcom told the story of the discovery of the body of Morris Brake before his very door, and seemed half disposed to burst into a sermon on it, and improve the opportunity.

When he walked back toward his house again, the whole of the village was at his heels; and the parish clerk, the landlord of the "Swan," and the station-master at Skegs Shore walked by his side, all excited, and full of questions which no human being could possibly answer, and of surmises, which were worth less than nothing, as to the motive of the deed. The landlord of the "Swan" had heard footsteps in the night, the footsteps of more than one person, passing through the village, he said; had wondered who was out so late, and had thought of getting up to look through the window, if his wife had not said he was a fool to expect to see anything on so dark a night. Therefore he had gone to sleep again, and should have thought no more about it had not Mr. Larcom put it into his head by such awful news.

The noise of many voices in the road without—where the blood was, and people staring down at it as if some proof might come there by incessant staring as to how it had been villainously spilled—startled Lucy, to whom the world was a bright and pleasant place for two more minutes of her life, and never after that again.

The young girl, dressing her fair hair at her glass, paused to listen to the mutterings of her neighbors, and to marvel at them; then she stood up and drew the blind aside, and peered out with wondering blue eyes, which grew larger and larger as she gazed.

Something had happened to her father, and they were coming to tell her, was her first surmise; and then she saw Mr. Larcom, the central figure in the crowd, gesticulating and explaining, and as excited as the rest of them, and people hurrying on in advance of him, and coming rapidly toward the house; some of them were already before it, looking up at the window, or standing in a group and gazing intently at the roadway; others pushing into the little patch of garden ground, and trying to peer under the blind into the chapel itself, where a robbery might have been committed, of the hymn-books, perhaps, or even the harmonium at which she presided. One man on horseback, she noticed, dashed up to Mr. Larcom, received some hasty instructions, and then dashed off again at full speed; and all the dogs in Skegs Shore were following their masters, and barking at each other, all the news, perhaps, some laughing at it, and with their tongues out, like very heartless dogs indeed.

Lucy was dressed and in the garden as her father reached the house, passed it, and opened the garden gate next door.

"Father, what is it?" she exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

Mr. Larcom waved his hands to her to keep back.

"Go into the house, Lucy; this is no place for ye, lass."

"But—"

"I am coming in directly—in a few minutes; there's bad news. Go in-doors," he shouted; but she did not move, did not seem to heed him. "Go in-doors, I say, and wait for me."

She stood there like a statue. Some one in the crowd of villagers had surely mentioned the name of one who was dearer to her than the whole world; besides, she could not have been dreaming; his name *was* said. Some child's voice, eager to be the first to tell news in a quarter where it had not yet reached, had called forth, "Morris Brake," and half a dozen voices had welled forth, "Murdered"; and so the truth had been fired at her as from a cannon's mouth, and in spite of Mr. Larcom's vain precautions.

She knew it all; she knew the whole awful truth at once. A voice from heaven could not have more surely told her Morris was dead, and lying in the chapel, where the villagers were struggling in to see the show, and would have no denial of such a sight as that, for all the angry parson who tried to keep them out, and was carried in along with them.

How she came to be one of the chapel crowd too she did not know—she never knew; but she was in their midst, shrieking for them to make way, to let her see if it were Morris, if it were possible there could be such a dreadful truth on God's earth, and she alive to hear it.

"Morris! Morris!—my husband!" she screamed forth. "Oh! my dear husband, who has done this?" and then she fell forward into strange arms which were held out to stop her fall.

"Her husband! Did she say her husband?" asked the bewildered Methodist. "The poor girl's brain has given way. I told you to keep her back from such a sight of this. How could he be her husband? Lucy! Lucy!"

But she had said, "My husband," and there were many in the little crowd who had heard it, and would add it to the news of that memorable day, and spread it in Skegs Shore.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTERWARD.

WHEN Lucy came back to her bitter waking world the sun was high in the heavens, and the day was two hours older. For two hours she had lain in the front parlor defying all attempts to bring her back to consciousness, and now she was very weak and ill, and without the strength to rise from the little couch whereon she had been placed. The sun was very bright and blinding in its glare, she thought, and she closed her eyes, and sighed heavily. Then she opened them suddenly again, and looked at three men in the room as at three strangers whom she had never seen, and who were regarding her with grave anxiety. The doctor was there with his hand upon her pulse—the man who had doctored Lincolnshire for five-and-twenty miles round, and for five-and-twenty years had killed or cured about an equal proportion; her father was standing by the fire-side, with his hands behind him, and his rugged face full of a deep grief for her; and at the window stood John Woodhatch, stern and silent and solicitous. The news had been brought early to Farm Forlorn—Lucy had seen from her window the messenger dispatched—and John Woodhatch, on receiving the news, had saddled his best horse and galloped like a madman to Larcom's house. And she did not know either of these three men, but looked vacantly and fearfully at them.

"Lucy," said her father at last.

"Where's Morris?—my Morris?" came the answer back.

"Lucy, don't ye know me? Don't ye—"

"Let her be, Alec," said John Woodhatch; "why worry her like this?"

Strange that the voice seemed more familiar to her ears than her own father's, but it was so.

"John!" she exclaimed; "is that John Woodhatch?"

"Yes, it's John," said Mr. Larcom.

"He did not kill him, did he?" she asked, in an excited whisper, and clinging suddenly to the doctor's arm with both her hands; "that man has not killed my husband, has he, sir?"

"Hush! hush! my dear; of course not. Pray be calm. Try and sleep again," the doctor urged.

The Methodist groaned and wrung his hands.

"Her mind has gone," he said. "Did ye hear her, John? did ye mark what she said?"

"I heard her," came the deep answer back, and John Woodhatch still stood with his back to the window, looking mournfully at her.

"My dear," said Alec Larcom, "the doctor says you must not speak yet."

"Very well," she answered, wearily.

"And ye know me, don't ye, now, Lucy?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes, I think I do."

She closed her eyes, and went slowly off into another stupor, with the doctor reproving the two men for talking together as they did.

"She will be better presently, if you leave her alone," said Mr. Pelson, testily. "Is there not any woman to be found who can see to her?"

"There is Mrs. Chadderton," suggested Mr. Larcom; "will you send for her, John? I am very helpless at present; I am like a child."

"Not Mrs. Chadderton," answered the farmer; "I can not spare her."

Mr. Larcom looked at him, and John Woodhatch added, "She would make a bad nurse at any time; and I don't think Lucy likes her."

"I will get some one in the village, then," said Mr. Larcom. "But—but this is not going to be a long illness, doctor, is it?"

"I can't tell at present," answered Mr. Pelson.

"John, come wi' me into the fresh air. Let ye and me talk this over. It's like an awful dream at present," said Mr. Larcom, in a husky whisper. "Lucy like a mad woman, and her husband—good Lord! how was it, I wonder?—lying dead next door. This is no light trouble for any of us three."

"It is not," answered Woodhatch, as he and the Methodist stepped into the front garden and stood there talking, with the villagers still hanging about, waiting for policemen, newspaper reporters—anything to give fresh animation to the scene, and a further fillip to the general proceedings.

"If Lucy is to be ill, and want a nurse—and the Lord save us from any nuisance of the kind, John—I should think Mrs. Chadderton would be the woman, after all," said Mr. Larcom; "she is no stranger to us, and I can't bear strangers. What made you think Lucy did not like her?"

"Does anybody like her?" said Woodhatch, moodily. "Do you?"

"I—I don't know," said Larcom, in reply; "I've never thought about it."

"And I don't think she likes Lucy; she was jealous of her coming to the farm, and acting as its mistress, whilst I was in London," said Woodhatch. "Didn't you see that?"

"I didn't see anything—I'm a blind beetle, that's as true as the Gaspel, John—I'm a dull, stupid ass," he cried; "and here is Lucy married—married on the sly, like a crafty, seelfish wench, afraid of her own fayther!—and I thinking of the loving, dutiful child that God had blessed me with. John, did ye know it, or anything about it?"

"I knew it for the first time yesterday."

"Who told ye?"

"The one dead in Zion Chapel," he said, sharply, "the poor fellow torn away from earth, as though he had been a weed. And I had had such plans for him and Lucy, to show I was not jealous of him, or bore him any ill-will, as perhaps he thought I did."

"Why should he?"

"I told him to go," was the reply. "To leave the farm at once, and for good."

"There was a quarrel, then?" said Mr. Larcom, somewhat quickly.

"No—not a quarrel exactly."

"There was— Wait a minute; I can hear her voice again."

Mr. Larcom stepped back into the cottage, and then returned shaking his head sorrowfully.

"No, it was all my fancy. Had not Morris a sister?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes; a poor invalid."

"Where does she live?"

"At Boston."

"She had better be communicated with," said Mr. Larcom.

"I have telegraphed already," was the answer.

"Good fellow," said Larcom, pressing his hand; "always thinking of the right thing to do and say, and at the right time. I wish I had your forethought."

"And I wish I had your cool hard brains," cried the other, petulantly, "and could look at all this horror with as much composure."

"I am not composed at all," exclaimed the father; "I am very much deesturbed, John."

"I don't see it."

"But I am mair deesturbed aboot my lassie than that man in there," said the parson. "Now the shock is over, I can only see he played me a sorry trick in getting Lucy to deceive me."

"It is late in the day to reproach him," answered Woodhatch.

"Ay, I own that."

"He was a warm-hearted lad, a little hasty, more than a little weak; he was very young, but there was time before him," mused the farmer.

"And now there's eternity. It's a sarlemn thought, John," muttered the Methodist. "Hush! I can surely hear her now."

He went once more into the house, and once more returned with a disappointed look upon his face.

"Let us try and find a nurse for her," he said.

"Do you think Kitty Vanch would do?" asked Woodhatch.

"The girl from Bolters Rents?" Larcom replied. "Was not her name Vanch?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"Along with Morris's sister," answered Woodhatch. "I have told you so before."

"I don't recollect anything to-day," said the other, with a groan. "I can't remember! And yet ye say how cool I am," he added, reproachfully. "What makes ye think I'm cool?"

John Woodhatch did not answer him. He was thinking very deeply.

"No, Kitty will not do here, I'm thinking," said Mr. Larcom. "She's not good enough for Lucy, is she?"

"Yes, she is," he replied; "but nevertheless she had better stay away. There's Greg to be considered."

"Yes, there's Greg."

"And he must not know where she is," said John Woodhatch—"not for years."

He had forgotten Morris Brake's death, it seemed, or else he was glad to change the topic of conversation—Mr. Larcom thought the latter.

But there was no changing that for long, with people looking askance at them, and the bloody stain upon the dusty road, a witness to the deed, and an outcry against him who had committed it.

"Let us find a nurse in the village," said Larcom; and the two men went slowly, side by side, toward the railway station and the cluster of houses grouped around it.

"To think Lucy should ha'e deceived a man like me!" said Mr. Larcom, suddenly, again, as they walked on, and as if the slight were set very deeply in his mind; "it's surprising. How much of all this will they drag into the inquest on her boy husband, I wonder, John?"

John Woodhatch did not reply. He was wondering at more than that.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1346.

THE LONDON FISHERY EXHIBITION.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE AMERICAN DISPLAY.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT will be remembered that although owing to Congress being so tardy in making an appropriation to enable our National Fish Commission to make a suitable display at the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin in 1880, there was little time to prepare for it, yet the "first grand prize" was awarded to Professor Baird, our United States Commissioner of Fisheries, and of the medals awarded for individual exhibits our citizens carried off the lion's share.

The first prize, a vase nearly three feet high of gold and crystal, set with jewels and suitably inscribed, now stands in a special case in one of the broad aisles of the National Museum here. Having had abundant time and a liberal appropriation (fifty thousand dollars) to prepare our exhibit for the International Fishery Exhibition to be held next summer in London, active preparations are now going on in the new National Museum building, under the direction of Professor Baird and his assistants, to make a suitable display there.

It is confidently expected by the gentlemen connected with our Fish Commission that the United States will capture even more prizes in London than in Berlin. This hope is based mainly upon three points in which the Commission thinks our display will certainly excel—the manner of mounting the casts of fish and other specimens, the comprehensive labels to be attached to every article or set of articles sent, which will fully explain the meaning and uses without rendering questioning necessary, and the pictorial illustrations which will accompany the exhibit. These pictures show all kinds of fishing in the deep seas and some in fresh-water, and also give scenes at the dressing and preparing for market of the various fish.

The pictures illustrate the uses of the various implements used in fishing, and also the style of the boats, and will serve as further explanations of such models as words can not fully explain in the labels.

All the articles now ready, or being prepared, are in the National Museum in a space partitioned off for the purpose, to which the public generally has no access, and in the office of the gentleman who is painting the plaster casts of fish, and in the photographers' rooms.

Outside, under a shed, where a representation of an iceberg is being made and colored, is a huge

stuffed polar bear killed on Wrangell Land by Mr. Nelson, one of the staff of the museum, who went thither on the *Rodgers*. On account of the landing then made on that island in the arctic seas by a United States vessel, it is now included among our possessions, and the stuffed polar bear brought from thence, standing on the above-mentioned iceberg, is to be taken to London with the fish exhibit, as a reminder of our latest acquisition of territory at the North, though, strictly considered, a polar bear can not be called a fish, but as an incident in the life of fishermen in the icebound regions it is considered germane to the exhibit.

The articles within the museum to be sent to London are first models of all kinds of fish, in collecting which nature has given us an advantage over all other nations, because in our waters we can find not only a greater variety than is possessed by any other country, but our assortment comprises almost every kind known elsewhere, as well as many peculiar to our own seacoast. It must be remembered what an advantage we possess in this way in our greater extent of sea-board. Out of 10,000 species of fish known to the whole world, 1400 kinds are found in our waters. In ten years the United States Fish Commission have brought to light 500 new kinds, and in the past three months forty-five species have been found on our Gulf coast.

A large chart showing the extent of our fishing waters in the sea and inland will accompany our exhibit, and that we are sure can not be beaten by the possessions of any other country.

Models will also be sent of our fish-hatching apparatus, including one in a section of the *Fish Hawk*, the boat belonging to the Commission. The model of this vessel also shows the dredging apparatus, the laboratory, and the arrangements for stowing specimens.

Models of fish-ways used to enable the fish to pass over dams or water-falls, which fish-ways are now made obligatory by law, will be sent, and models of the weirs and of all the traps set in water to catch fish, and also the lobster-pot.

The exhibit will include all species of fish-lines and floats for lines, hooks, reels, and poles, fish nets and seines, models of all varieties of bait, including spoon bait, minnow bait, made of mother-of-pearl, and the blue-fish drail, in the form of a fish with a big steel hook on the back, and also the oyster dredge and the clam rake.

There is a fine collection of Indian implements which they use in fishing. Some of the hooks are very ornamental, made of wood and bone, and have painted idols about ten inches long attached to the hooks, the barb being on the back of the idol, so that when the fish catches to it the image is outside his mouth.

There are Indian harpoon lines made of seal-skins, and a very fine and slender yet strong throw line with a minnow hook such as is used by the Couyuwee Pai Utes at Pyramid Lake, Nevada.

All the sharp instruments used in killing or dressing fish are to be included in the exhibit, and illustrations of the manner of their use will accompany them. Some of the knives used specially to open fish on the back when preparing them for market, as well as oyster-knives, will be shown.

There are also specimens of the whaling rocket and a form of the whaling-gun. One kind of the latter shoots a harpoon into the victim; the other, a bomb which explodes. A very admirable illustration accompanies these, making their use and effect very apparent.

Every species of boat used in fishing, from the Indian canoe, dug-out, and Esquimaux kyack to the whaling ships, will be shown in models as well as illustrated by pictures. One of the most curious of these is called a bull boat, and is made out of a buffalo's skin, and looks like a big round tub.

Specimens of various kinds of preserved fish from all parts of the world will be sent with the exhibit, showing the wonderful variety in manner of putting up fish, and the different kinds of fish used for the purpose. These also will be accompanied by illustrations showing by what means the fish are prepared for canning, or are dried, and through what processes they pass. The photographer in the service of the Commission, Mr. Smillie, whose work is highly praised by connoisseurs, has been travelling for the past six weeks along the coast of New England, where professional fishermen are engaged, and has made pictures there. These are enlarged when photographed from the first negatives, and are finished up in crayons in the photographer's rooms in the new National Museum building by Mr. Moeller, who shows much skill and taste in his work. Other artists, Messrs. Elliott and Collins, have also been travelling and making sketches of groups engaged in fishing, or in any avocation immediately connected with the business, even the making of nets, etc.

I have seen many of these illustrations on the crayons and photographs as well as the drawings, and have been greatly pleased with the animation they show, and the style and finish of the pictures. The fresh-water fishing to be illustrated will be the salmon fishing in Maine, and the fishing in the interior of California. One very amusing picture represents the work of the so-called "shack fishermen" who go out with comparatively little bait, which they use in catching cod, whose livers they use to entice and catch sea-gulls, and in turn use these as bait for fishing. A lively sketch, with much humor in it, shows the fishermen killing the gulls which they have caught from the many flocking above their boat on the water, attracted by the fish liver, by biting through the backs of their skulls—a practice invariably followed among fishermen of this class. They also harpoon porpoises and cuttle-fish and use them for bait.

There is a picture showing in what manner the mackerel, caught in such quantities (sometimes four or five hundred barrels in one net) that all can not be promptly dressed and packed for shipping before they spoil if kept out of the water, are preserved by letting them hang over the side of the ship in an immense purse or pocket of netting, by which means they are kept alive until they can be made ready for packing.

There is also a picture of catching the candle-fish in Puget Sound. These fish are so called because they are so full of oil that when dried it is only necessary to run a wick through each in order to have it burn like a candle.

Another lively sketch shows Indian women on the Upper Missouri using the above-mentioned "bull-boats," made out of the skins of buffaloes.

One picture represents the catching of cod on Georges' Banks, and another shows the fishermen cutting the cheeks from the heads of these fish, which they keep for their own use, and I am told it is the most delicious part of the fish.

There is an illustration of the mode of harpooning sword-fish, showing the pulpit or frame on the stern of the vessel which supports the harpooner. This pulpit the fishermen call an orezembo—why, no one knows.

Figures (life-size) dressed to represent fishermen engaged in every branch of the business whose followers have a characteristic style of dress will also form part of the exhibit. One of these wears a leather suit, and carries a huge seine with corks attached, and a heavy pole with a dip-net.

A DEPARTURE.

Patient, with weight of years upon his head,
The old man sat within the chimney nook;
His ears were dull, he heard no word was said;
His eyes were dim, he read no face or book;
Serene and still, without a doubt or fear,
Between two worlds, not wholly there nor here.

One night the gray face brightened with strange light:
"Who called me?" with quick eagerness he cried,
And held his head erect, and sat upright—
"Who called me?" then he softly sighed and smiled.
"It was my mother's voice; she called me so,
When evening shadows fell, long, long ago."

He mused some hours, then suddenly once more
Broke into smiles, and said, "Be still! be still!
I hear the squirrels on the forest floor,
I hear the hunter's voice upon the hill.
It must be morning now o'er land and sea;
I hear my brother! He is calling me!"

The summons came again at middle night;
We saw the glory through Death's mystic gray.
"Coming!" he cried, his face with wonder bright.
"A good-night, dears!" and so he went away.
Yet while we listened, worshipping and dumb,
I heard him passing, to some Presence, say,
"Haste thee before, and tell my Dead I come."

Lillie E. Barr.

THE MUSTANG.

The Californian and Texan mustang can boast of a much better pedigree than most people probably imagine. The Spaniards brought to the New World the Andalusian and Berber horse, both of excellent breed and sterling qualities, which after long years of the half-savage state in which their descendants have lived are yet preserved and developed. The "American horse," or rather the English blood, has taken the upper hand, but it is doubtful, if put to the test, whether he could rival the mustang in endurance, quickness of manœuvring, and hardiness as far as use for the saddle goes. In former years the plains of California and Texas were swarming with herds of mustangs, and the herds of cattle could only be mustered and herded with the aid of this hardy and bold horse.

Generally the breaking takes place when the animal has attained the fourth year. Up to this age he roams in bands over the prairies and hills following the bell mare. In spring-time, when the green grass has given him strength and vigor, he will feel for the first time the power and cunning of man.

Sketch No. 1 shows how the herd is driven into the corral. When the colt has been lassoed, as we see in No. 6, the rider keeps his "riata," or lasso, as taut as possible. A second vaquero or cowherd approaches the wild animal cautiously and slowly, so as not to alarm him, and tries (in the beginning most unsuccessfully) to put on the blinder. This is a piece of broad rawhide, wide enough to cover the horse's eyes. This process, as shown in No. 2, is a more difficult one than might be thought. The horse tries to avoid the contact of the human hand, and defends himself pertinaciously. Then a slip-noose of the "riata" is put on his nose. Trembling in every limb, he suffers the blankets and saddle to be put on, and then the blinder is slipped back.

Sketch No. 3. The first sensation of bearing the unusual burden of the saddle tightly girdled causes the mustang to make the maddest plunges and jumps. A vaquero holds him with the lasso till the first fury is spent. Left tied to a stake for a while, the animal recovers somewhat from the fright, and plans to regain his lost liberty, as in No. 4.

The vaquero, frustrating his design, then blinds the horse again, mounts, and tightening the halter round the animal's nose (bits never being used for the first three or four months), seats himself firmly in the saddle, and then slips the blinder off.

Sketches Nos. 5 and 7 show the "bucking" in its two varied states. It is a hard job and painful work for both rider and horse.

No. 6 shows the process of lassoing. Quickness and surety of hand and eye are the required qualities, besides being an expert rider and prompt in action. The riata is swung over the head, describing a large circle, and it is difficult to catch with the eye the exact moment when it fastens round the horse's neck, or, thrown under him, round his legs.

No. 8. The trainers often have to deal with indomitable and dangerous subjects. Such are thrown on the ground, and ropes or lassos fixed in the way we see in the drawing.

No. 9. To cure a horse of balking, a strong coarse hair rope is put round his fore-legs, and a seesaw motion given to it. Very few horses will refuse to advance on applying this punishment.

No. 10. The striker at the bit is a dangerous brute, and will need a severe throwing by the hind-legs.

No. 11 shows the result the vaquero obtains after six or eight months' training. The bull or cow on the ground has been lassoed and thrown. The riders jump from their horses, which brace themselves, and at the slightest motion of the prostrated animal change their position and keep the lasso continually taut. A well-trained mustang will stand for a long time, his rider going off for half a mile and leaving the prisoner in charge of the faithful mustang.

THE POLITICAL FIELD.

The later returns from the recent State elections do not materially affect the results announced in the previous number of Harper's Weekly. The list of new Governors still stands thirteen Democrats and two Republicans, the former chosen generally by very large majorities, and both the latter by very small ones. James B. Grant, the Democratic Governor of Colorado, was chosen by about 2500 majority. Secretary Teller, who has just returned from that State, asserts that the Republicans have won a substantial victory, and that the defeat of Mr. Campbell, their candidate for Governor, was caused by the disaffection and bad faith of certain Republican leaders, who in the nominating Convention pledged themselves to support the candidates selected, yet as soon as it appeared that their slate was defeated, they bolted, and used every means to defeat the regular ticket. The rest of the Republican State ticket was elected, and both branches of the Legislature remain in the hands of the Republicans.

The New Hampshire election was close, S. W. Hale, the Republican candidate, getting in by only a few hundred majority, probably one-sixth of that of last year. There can be no question about the election of John Ireland as the Democratic Governor of Texas. His majority is simply immense.

Portraits of the three Governors referred to are given on page 740. With them are also given portraits of Congressmen Theodore Lyman, of Massachusetts, and John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, whose names are prominently before the country just now, the former as one of the successful civil service candidates, and the other as a prominent candidate for Speaker of the next House of Representatives.

A prominent Kentucky politician, who greatly admires Mr. Carlisle, has given the Louisville *Commercial* an interesting sketch of him. "I have known him," he says, "since he was a boy, and have watched his course with a great deal of interest. The first time I met him he was a country boy on a farm just back of Covington. He was a pale, studious boy, working hard all day on the farm, and studying and reading by night. I visited his family several times, and I always found John sitting off in one corner with a big book in his hand. He was a quiet kind of a fellow, speaking only when spoken to. When he was about seventeen years old he started to teach school. He was rather shy at first, but in a few weeks his pupils all adored him. He taught in a little out-of-the-way school-house, and the story goes that he fell desperately in love with a young lady who lived in Covington, and was out near where he taught visiting relatives. I don't know why or how his courting ended, but the lady in question is now the mother of four children, and is a very fat, prosy-looking married woman. She lives within a stone's-throw of Carlisle, at Covington. I was practicing law in the Covington district, and one of my friends was telling that young Carlisle was going to make a speech in the court-house that day on some land title. Both of us were friends of his family, and we took considerable interest in him. We determined to go to hear him make his maiden speech. The case was of a dry, hard, knotty character, full of legal subtlety, and I thought to myself, 'Johnny, old boy, you're in for a failure to-day.' There was hardly any one in the court-room except lawyers; and considering the case and the audience, it must have been a most trying maiden effort. I can see Carlisle now as he stood up in the court-room, with a copy of the Revised Statutes in his hand. He had that same weary, studious look in his eyes, that same cold, passionless expression on his pale face, that he has today. Without the least degree of nervousness, in a plain, calm, quiet way, he began his speech. You could see that he had mastered every detail; and the lawyers, as they grew more and more interested, moved their bodies forward, and hung on his words. I have no hesitation in saying that it was the best speech of the kind ever made in the Covington court-house. Without telling an anecdote or cracking a joke, there was something so winning in his voice and in his manners that the interest never flagged. When he had finished, the lawyers all crowded around him, the judge shook him warmly by the hand, and Tom Jones, who happened to be in the court-room, told him he had a great future before him. From that day his fortune was made. Practice poured in on him, and in two years he was doing more business than any lawyer in that judicial district. I have heard him many times since then, and he has never changed his style or his manner. He has a remarkably sweet voice; and while I never heard him tell an anecdote, privately or publicly, there is a something about the man that is inexpressibly winning. He made an argument before the Court of Appeals in a murder case a few years ago, and spoke for nearly two hours. When he concluded, Judge Cofer asked the other judges to adjourn for the day. When asked by one of the lawyers—who had a case set for that day—why he adjourned court after Carlisle's speech, the old judge answered, crisply: 'I hated to hear a good thing spoiled, as would have been the case if any other man had followed him.' Carlisle's wife has a wonderful influence over him, and it was due to her that he did not go the way of too many young politicians who come to Frankfort, and get a taste of the liquor that is sold there."

THE LATE DR. TWING.

The Rev. Alvi T. Twing, whose funeral took place from Grace Church in this city on the 14th inst., was in many respects a man of mark, best known for his labors in behalf of missions. He was born at Topham, Vermont, February 9, 1811, and began his education at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, New Hampshire. He took a two years' course at the University of Vermont, at Burlington, under Bishop Hopkins, teaching in the Bishop's school in the mean time. By Bishop Hopkins he was ordained Deacon August 21, 1826, and Priest a year later. He was Rector of St. Paul's Church at Vergennes, Vermont, for a year and a half, and was then placed in charge of Trinity Church, at West Troy, New York. In 1840 he became Rector of Trinity Church, at Lansingburg, New York, and continued in charge for over twenty-three years. He received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hobart College, Geneva, New York. In 1864 he became connected with the Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church, as Associate Secretary with the Rev. Dr. Carder, of the Committee for Domestic Missions, and on the death of Dr. Carder, in August, 1866, Dr. Twing succeeded him. He was a man of peculiarly winning manners, and admirably adapted for his special work. During the first year of his Secretaryship the receipts of the committee were $72,514. During the last fiscal year, ending with September last, they were $228,375. His funeral was attended by several of the bishops and a very large number of the clergy.

THE TILE CLUB ABROAD.

The *opus magnum* was finished; that is to say, so far as the Tilers were concerned. They had sent in all their drawings for Harper's Christmas, and nothing now remained but the task of getting them engraved and of selecting literary contributions from the vast mass of stories, poems, and essays which the enthusiastic authors of America had heaped upon the editor's desk. But with these trivial details the Tilers troubled themselves not. They had done their part, and well content with the result of their arduous labors, prepared to scatter themselves over Europe in search of rest and recreation, and to await in serene confidence the golden harvest of their reward.

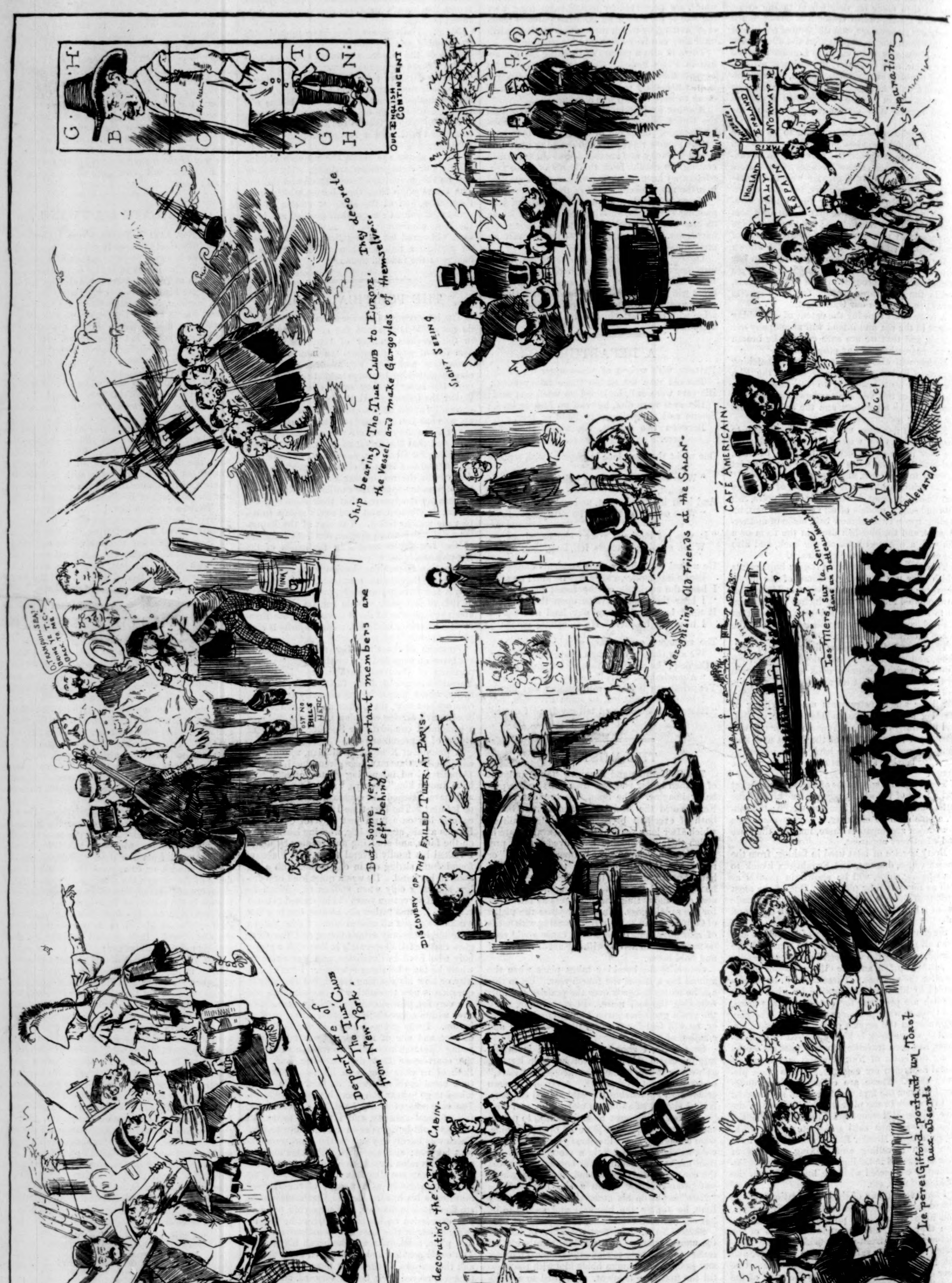
It were vain to attempt a description of the refined hilarity of the farewell dinner, the enthusiasm of the departing Tilers, or the sombre melancholy of the few who were left behind, and who watched from the dock the departure of their comrades, or to recount the thrilling incidents of the voyage, the meeting with the exiled members of the club, who wear out a sombre existence in the capital of France, the sight-seeing, the festivities, and the final breaking up, when each one betook himself to his chosen quarter of the Old World. Is it not all depicted by the graphic pencil of Reinhart?

The Tile Club is one of the pleasantest associations in New York. It is an informal society of artists, musicians, and literary men, limited as to membership, but boundless as to hospitality and good-fellowship toward congenial spirits. Who that has sat around the table in the quaint old building in West Tenth Street can ever forget the good cheer, the sparkling wit, the song, the story, that cheated old Time out of his reckoning, and brought in the morning before one could believe that the evening had fairly begun? Never had Mermaid Tavern brighter gatherings. It is wise now and then to relax from the serious business of life, and it is the bane of American life that we have business with us always. Even the dreams of the average American are of stocks or merchandise. Herbert Spencer's rebuke was well merited—we are too apt to regard business as the end instead of the means of life, and to look upon social pleasure and recreation as a frivolous waste of time. This descends to us from the stern days of New England Puritanism, when life was terribly in earnest. But we are learning, as some one has written:

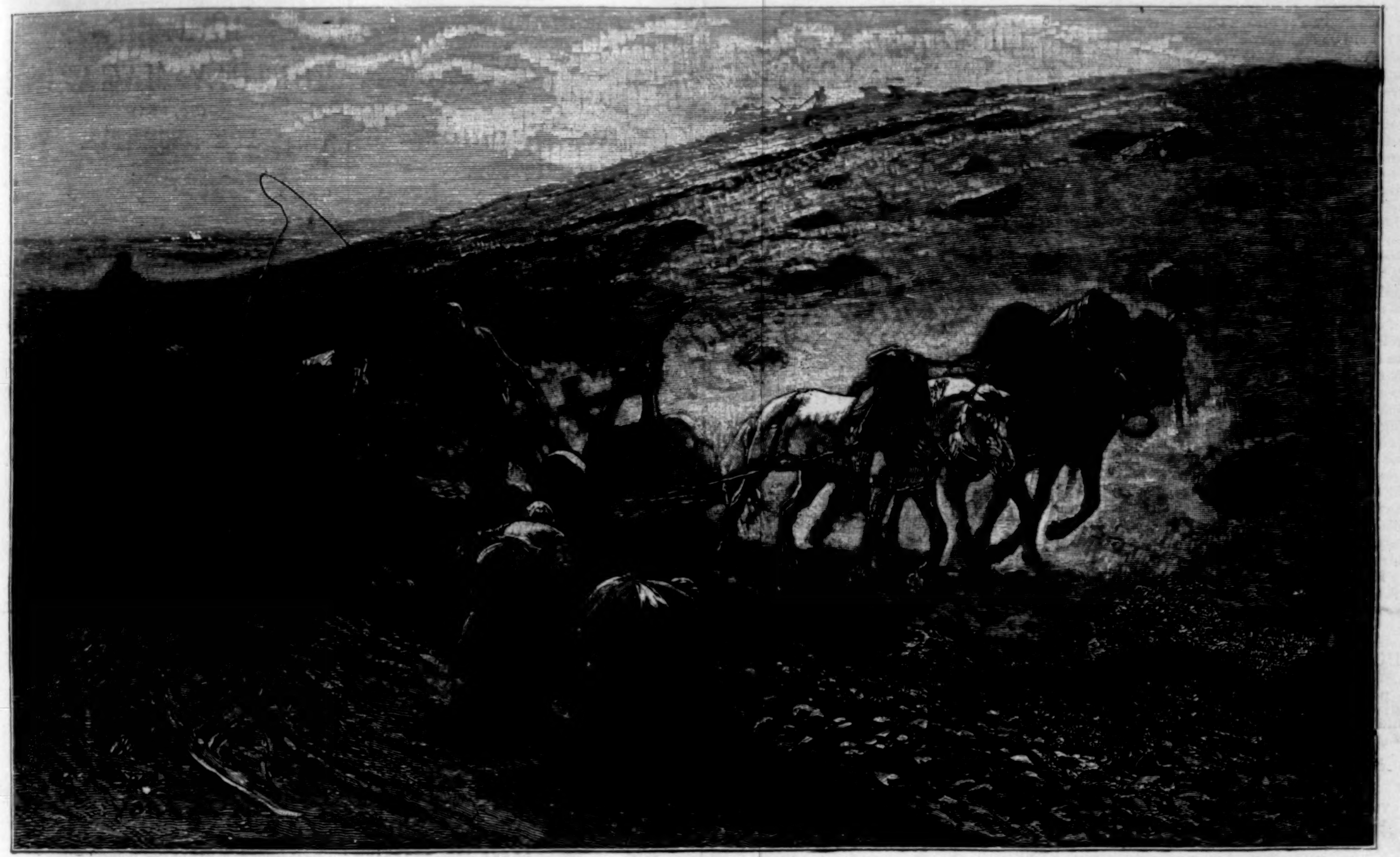
"A little nonsense now and then
(As runs the well-known ditty)
Is relished by the wisest men;
Were 't not, the more the pity!
The humdrum Jack who never plays
Grows dull and melancholy;
He best appreciates Wisdom's ways
Who now and then gets jolly.

"We know that life upon this earth
Is earnest and is real;
But he who tempers work with mirth
Has gained the true ideal.
The grave may be our earthly goal,
Yet we may halt—for rations
That quickens both the flesh and soul—
At many way-side stations."

And one of the pleasantest of these stations is the resort of the Tile Club, to which after wanderings in various climes, the members are returning, rich with the artistic spoils of many lands.



THE TILE CLUB ABROAD.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 747.]

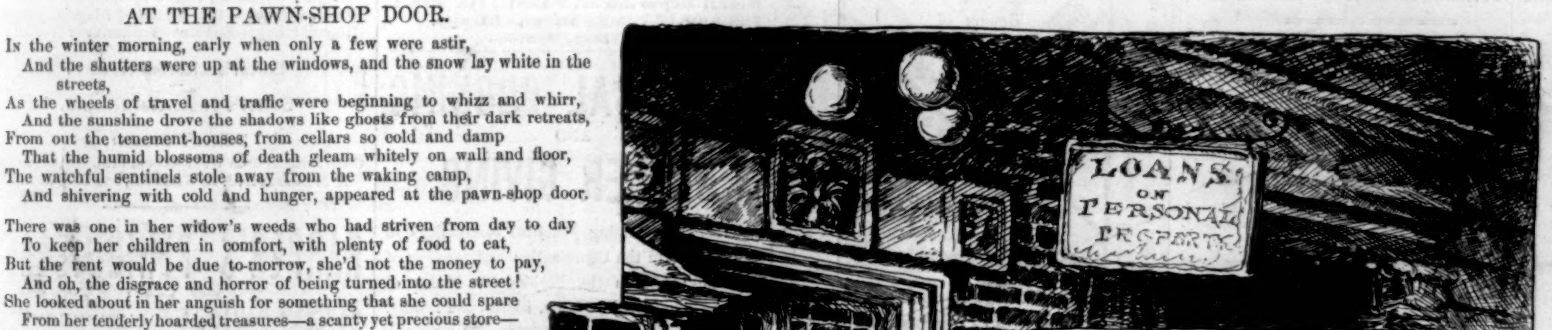


"PLANTING RAPE IN NORMANDY."
FROM THE PAINTING BY F. A. BRIDGMAN NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[SEE PAGE 750.]

AT THE PAWN-SHOP DOOR.

IN the winter morning, early when only a few were astir,
And the shutters were up at the windows, and the snow lay white in the streets,
As the wheels of travel and traffic were beginning to whizz and whirr,
And the sunshine drove the shadows like ghosts from their dark retreats,
From out the tenement-houses, from cellars so cold and damp
That the humid blossoms of death gleam whitely on wall and floor,
The watchful sentinels stole away from the waking camp,
And shivering with cold and hunger, appeared at the pawn-shop door.

There was one in her widow's weeds who had striven from day to day
To keep her children in comfort, with plenty of food to eat,
But the rent would be due to-morrow, she'd not the money to pay,
And oh, the disgrace and horror of being turned into the street!
She looked about in her anguish for something that she could spare
From her tenderly hoarded treasures—a scanty yet precious store—
And bearing away the jewel that proudly she used to wear,
In the dusk of a winter morning she stood at the pawn-shop door.



There were others who gathered round her, whose faces too well betrayed
The shrine at which they had worshipped, the vice that had bitten in
Through the fibre of all their being, till unblushingly they displayed
The tokens of their enslavement, the taints and traces of sin.
There are the regular comers, by the demon of drink accursed,
The lazy and tattered "bummers," albeit of breadth and brawn,
Who are driven at early morning by the scourge of a terrible thirst—
Ah! little have they to hope for whose souls are already in pawn!

But there outside of the group, with fingers aching and red,
A little boy with a bundle slips into a vacant place;
There are no shoes on his feet, not much of a cap on his head,
And the great big tears run over the shrunken and care-worn face.
He is hungry and cold and wretched; there is no fire on the hearth,
Not a bit of bread in the cupboard, nor even a scrap of meat;
And the little brothers and sisters are strangers to joy and mirth,
When they're pinched by the cold of winter, and haven't enough to eat.

Ah! sad enough is the picture, and little we dream or know
Of the terrible storms encountered, the anguish and sore distress
Of many we daily meet in our journeying to and fro,
Whom we never have thought to pity, and never have cared to bless.
And driven before the wind of a merciless, cruel fate,
Like vessels shorn of their sails, and urged to a rocky shore,
Bereft of their early hopes, and swept from their high estate,
Pitiful wrecks! they're stranded close to the pawn-shop door.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

BRIDGMAN'S "PLANTING RAPE."

The original of the picture on page 749, entitled "Planting Rape in Normandy," was first exhibited in the Paris Salon of this year, and afterward in London. It was accorded high praise in both cities. The *Magazine of Art* (London), in an article on American artists in Europe, says of this painting: "It is a sterling work in all respects—uncompromising in treatment and delicate in sentiment. Mr. Bridgman pictures a misty morning, full of silvery light. In the background is a sweeping line of barren hill-side, topped with a narrow slip of sky. In the immediate foreground two women stoop over a freshly cut furrow, planting the grain. In rear of these—a noble mass, in which, however, there is no neglect of detail—is a plough with three horses; the ploughman turns to speak to a man behind, and his gesture, as he turns, is admirably presented. There is a delightful impression of life and movement in all the figures; the scheme of color is full of freshness and charm; and the values and relations are excellently apprehended and portrayed. Moreover, the picture is distinctly original; both in conception and execution it is unlike the work of any living man, while at the same time it is free from anything approaching eccentricity. It is a new departure for the painter, and, as we think, a great advance upon his older work. Always an accomplished draughtsman, Mr. Bridgman has been hitherto a little timid and impersonal—has suggested, so to speak, an artist in search of his individuality. Many of his pictures, too, have suffered a little from a certain hardness of manner, acquired, perhaps, from his master, Gérôme."

Mr. Bridgman's painting is now on exhibition at the New York Academy of Design, where it has attracted great attention.

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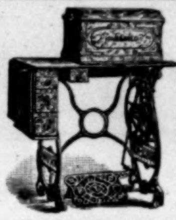

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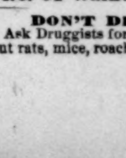

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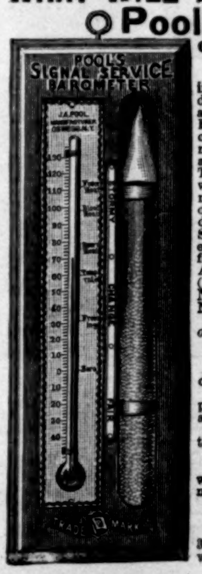

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